

# THE MONTH

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### *Canon Bright and the early Church.*

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WE return once more to Canon Bright's recent attack on what he considers to be the policy of "Roman" controversialists. "The Roman spirit," he tells his readers, "when it dominates a writer who is himself a recent proselyte, absorbs all other considerations into the supreme necessity of making out a case for Rome."<sup>1</sup> He depicts this "Roman spirit" saying to such a writer (amongst other things equally culpable), "Some generally received rules of literary scrupulosity you will leave to men of the world, or to Protestants, who have no sacred cause to defend *quocunque modo*."<sup>2</sup> It may be thought that such wholesale incrimination of one's opponent would have no effect with any one; but this reply of Canon Bright's has been hailed by the *Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, and other papers, as most effective. There is a certain similarity of tone and style about the notices on this subject in the various papers, which might suggest that the variety of writers in them has not in this case been great; but the result is, at any rate, that Canon Bright is thought to have dealt a blow to the cause of "Romanism."

Canon Bright must, therefore, not be surprised if we examine with some care his own credentials when he assumes this lofty air of moral and intellectual superiority. He is, indeed, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford: he has most certainly considerable intellectual gifts; but does he exhibit the accuracy, or the logical precision, or straightforward acceptance of a justified correction, or the grasp of the historical situation, which we are entitled to expect from one holding such a position and dealing forth such anathemas? To answer this question, we will select three instances of the way in which Canon Bright deals with ancient documents.

<sup>1</sup> *The Roman See*, p. 211.

<sup>2</sup> P. 212.

## I.

In the latter part of the third century, Paul, the Bishop of Antioch, the third greatest see in the Church, had been condemned in more than one large Eastern Synod for heresy, and deposed and excommunicated, and another Bishop, named Domnus, selected in his place. But Paul of Samosata (so called from his birthplace) refused to acknowledge the validity of the sentence, and retained possession of the church-house at Antioch. The Emperor Aurelian was just then at Antioch, having just gained his victory over Zenobia. The Bishops appealed to him to enforce their decision. Aurelian settled that the matter must rest with "the Christian Bishops in Italy and in the city of the Romans." Ballerini thinks that the Bishops themselves who deposed Paul, suggested this recourse to Rome. Fleury explains that "it was sufficiently notorious even to the heathen that the true religion of the Christian body lay in communion with the Roman Church." Bossuet says that the Emperor had the matter thus referred to Rome because he had noticed that the Christian body was contained within the communion of the Roman Bishop.

How has Canon Bright dealt with this awkward incident for the Anglican position? He hazarded what might for the moment seem a crushing reply. He said that "evidently he [Mr. Rivington] does not know that 'Italy' when thus distinctively used, meant Northern Italy, the region which had Milan for its head."<sup>1</sup> And he referred to a Protestant German writer, named Heinichen, who published a learned edition of Eusebius. Heinichen on this passage quotes another German Protestant, who says that in this Imperial reference of the case of the Bishop of Antioch to "the Bishops in Italy and the city of the Romans," the Primacy of Milan is just as discernible as the Primacy of Rome. So that, according to this theory, the Emperor meant that the case was to be referred to Milan and Rome, as the leading bishoprics of Italy.

But it was replied<sup>2</sup> that Milan was not made into a capital until the reign of Diocletian. It was not even a centre of action in any sense, until Maximian discovered its capacities as such. It was only then that "Italy" began to acquire the new restrictive signification to which Canon Bright alludes. In the reign of Aurelian the province called Italy included the South.

<sup>1</sup> *Church Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1894, p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> *Primitive and Roman*. By the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A., p. 29.

So that Canon Bright's reply, pointing the finger of scorn at "Mr. Rivington's" ignorance, involved the most complete ignorance, on the part of Canon Bright himself, of an elementary fact in the history of Italy.

It implied also complete ignorance as to the ecclesiastical history of Italy. For Bishops from all parts of Italy (*i.e.*, not merely from the South, but from the North also) were accustomed to assist at the Metropolitan Councils of the Roman Pontiffs well into the fourth century: it was only after the middle of the fourth century (at the earliest) that the Metropolitan Churches of Italy arose, and that the Bishops of middle and lower Italy alone attended the ordinary Roman Councils. Indeed, the Abbé Duchesne, in his *Origines du Culte Chrétien*,<sup>1</sup> tells us that the Church of Milan only became a kind of metropolis towards the end of the fourth century; until then, he says,<sup>2</sup> "the higher direction of the Pope was exercised, without any intermediary, over all the Bishops of the peninsula." Now, the movements of Bishops, especially in the way of synodical action, were jealously watched by the civil power, and it was quite natural that the Emperor Aurelian should be aware of the way in which, as a matter of fact, they gathered round Rome. Anyhow, Canon Bright's solution of the Imperial reference of the Bishop of Antioch's case to "the Bishops in Italy and the city of the Romans," is hopelessly at issue with the history of the period. It could not be a reference to two coequal heads, Milan and Rome, as Heinichen, to whom he referred, supposes, nor to two provinces, the northern and southern, since they did not exist. On the other hand, the actual state of things, that of the usual gathering of Bishops from all parts of Italy to the Bishop of Rome, suggests a natural explanation of the expression used by the Emperor or by Eusebius, *viz.*, that the matter should be referred to the Bishop of Rome in Synod.

Canon Bright, on discovering his error, made a somewhat lame retraction, and at once plunged into another mistake. He said—not, "we were altogether mistaken in this matter," but, "we admit that Heinichen, whom we followed," (fancy following a German Protestant minister on such a subject!) "seems to have antedated by some thirty years the use of 'Italy' in a restrictive sense for the north of the peninsula."<sup>3</sup> By some thirty years—that is to say, it was a difference

<sup>1</sup> P. 86.

<sup>2</sup> P. 30.

<sup>3</sup> *Church Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1895, p. 319.

between existence and non-existence. But the ecclesiastical primacy of Milan is antedated by much more than thirty years—it was antedated nearly a century.

But Canon Bright proceeds to say: "Then what follows?" That Eusebius, as far as his words imply, co-ordinates the whole Italian episcopate with the Bishop of Rome, naming it first, and giving no hint at all of its being bound to echo whatever Rome said."<sup>1</sup> Surely, on Canon Bright's principles, naming the episcopate first would imply that Aurelian put the Bishops of Italy *above* the Bishop of Rome. But as Canon Bright would hardly like to assert that the Bishop of the Imperial City was accounted by the Emperor as below the other Bishops, he sees "co-ordination" in the fact that the one are named before the other. He also brings Gibbon to bear on his contention. "Gibbon sees so little prominence assigned here to Rome that he speaks only of 'the Bishops of Italy.' He *should* have mentioned Rome."<sup>2</sup> Well, certainly, if he meant to be fair he should, but there is, according to Canon Bright, some excuse for him, since "Eusebius had not even named 'the Bishop of Rome,' distinctively."

Our readers, perhaps, will hardly know how to believe that such an attempt to get out of a difficulty could have come from the pen of a professor of ecclesiastical history. But Canon Bright has repeated it in substance in his recent work, from which we have quoted the strictures passed by him on "the Roman spirit." He says, "The imperial test is very significant: the Bishops throughout the peninsula are co-ordinated with their Roman brother, and named before him: nay, he himself is not individually referred to; he is but constructively, so to speak, allowed to appear at all."<sup>3</sup> That is to say, the Emperor refers the matter "to the Bishops in Italy and in the city of the Romans;" the Bishop in the city of the Romans is only, "constructively, so to speak, allowed to appear"—the construction being one that no one with an ounce of brains could help making, and which no one, not even the Protestant German writer, whom Canon Bright says he "followed," has avoided making. Is not this trifling with the subject? Is it serious, responsible criticism? And, again, we ask, why is naming the Bishops of the peninsula first, before the Bishop of Rome, the same as "*co-ordinating*" the two, instead of

<sup>1</sup> *Church Quarterly Review*, Jan. 1895, p. 319.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 319, note 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Roman See*, p. 56.

giving precedence to the former? If Canon Bright replies that no Emperor could mean that they were *above* the Bishop of the Imperial City, we must remind him that he is going outside the words themselves, and once we do that, we must bring something else to bear on the question—and we shall decide with Bossuet, Fleury, Hefele, Jungmann, and other learned writers, that this Emperor in the third century saw a salient feature of the organization of the Christian Church to lie in its deference to the judgment of the Bishop of Rome in Synod.

But what of the supposed co-ordinating effect of the words, naming, as they do, the Bishops of Italy before the Bishop of Rome? There is such a thing as an ascending order in the mention of names. And if Canon Bright will turn to Eusebius' first book, the eighteenth chapter, he will find that our historian sometimes uses the ascending order, for he there says that, "Herod had the government of the Jews conferred upon him by the Senate of Rome and the Emperor Augustus." Canon Bright will hardly maintain that the Senate and the Emperor are here "co-ordinated."

Our criticism, therefore, on this point may be summed up thus: (1) Canon Bright brought in the authority of a German Protestant writer to prove "ignorance" in the writer whom he was criticizing. This German writer turns out to have displayed the most deplorable ignorance of the secular and ecclesiastical history of the time, and Canon Bright "followed" him. (2) Canon Bright then, after admitting that his German instructor made a mistake of "thirty years"—not many years, it is true, but vital to the case in hand—takes refuge in an expression of Eusebius, wherein, instead of speaking of the Bishop of Rome and the Bishops of Italy, he speaks of "the Bishops in Italy and in the city of the Romans," which he thinks is keeping the Bishop of Rome in the background, because it does not call him the "Bishop of Rome," and is "co-ordinating" him with the rest, because he is mentioned after them. His conclusion ought to have been that it is "subordinating," if there is anything that will hold in his argument; but as a matter of fact, Eusebius elsewhere places the Emperor of Rome in the same position of "co-ordination" with the Senate. The expression involves neither co-ordination nor subordination.

It remains, therefore, that in the third century, it was

considered best to refer the case of the Bishop of Antioch to the Bishop of Rome and his comprovincial Synod. It was in accordance with the ecclesiastical order of that century.

## II.

We now proceed to a matter which is of considerable interest in a controversy, which whether we wish it or no, is necessarily much to the fore at the present moment, and that is, the Patriarchate of the West. We do not propose to enter upon the question as a whole, but to deal with the point urged by Canon Bright. He traces it to Imperial decrees, but especially to a decree of the Emperor Gratian. It is not quite a new theory, but it is one that seemed to have died a natural death. It has been revived by Mr. Puller in his *Primitive Saints and the See of Rome*, and very courteously but very summarily disposed of by the Abbé Duchesne in his adverse review of Mr. Puller's book in the *Bulletin Critique*, n. 33, Nov. 25, 1895. To our astonishment, it must be said, this same theory has been adopted by Canon Bright, who quotes, what we must call Mr. Puller's most extravagant assertion, with approval, viz., that "by one stroke of his pen the Emperor Gratian created, so far as civil power could create, a patriarchal jurisdiction over the whole Western Empire, and vested it in the Bishop of Rome."<sup>1</sup>

Now there is one line of thought which, it seems to us, needs to be pressed on our Anglican friends with still greater persistency than has been our wont. It is the appeal to common sense. If we suppose a belief in the supernatural character of the Church, to which Canon Bright lays distinct claim, we might urge this as sufficient: but to make it of real use, we have to bear in mind the general circumstances of the case, under which, for instance, this Imperial decree had to operate. They are not difficult to grasp, but it will be seen that they have to be completely ignored before any weight can be allowed to the evidence urged as conclusive by Mr. Puller and Canon Bright.

The argument adduced by them is this. A Roman Council petitioned the Emperor for a civil enforcement of Episcopal decrees over a certain area; the Emperor granted their request, but extended the area beyond the limits described in the petition. Hence the Bishop of Rome acquired jurisdiction

<sup>1</sup> *Roman See*, p. 114.



over this larger area. Such was the origin of the Western Patriarchate.

Now, first, what was the position of things when this enormous addition was, on this theory, summarily made to the jurisdiction of Rome by Imperial decree? Is the theory in accord with common sense, when we take the actual situation into account?

The Emperor, Gratian, was a lad of nineteen. He avowed himself the spiritual son of the great Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose. He spent the winters of 378—381 at Milan, and, as we know, in closest intercourse with St. Ambrose. Whilst under this influence, he is supposed, on the theory we are discussing, to have issued the decree which altered the relationship of more than half the Christian world to the See of Rome. Now, is it possible to suppose that this alteration in the relation of the Bishops to Rome could have been effected by a mere stroke of the Imperial pen, and that such a revolution in ecclesiastical order provoked no protest, not even a gentle and obsequious complaint? Why was it not referred to in after-times as the source of disaster, the beginning of a new tyranny? The Bishops were either good men or bad men: if the former, they must have had in them some zeal for the honour of the Episcopate, which was being trodden underfoot, some zeal for the faith which was being placed in jeopardy by this new move which *ex hypothesi* changed the whole life of the Church. If they were bad men, they would have the ambition of bad men, and the outcry would be in proportion to the diminution of their rights. It is simply inconceivable that the foundation of an ecclesiastical order, which lasted so many centuries, should have been inaugurated by a young Emperor on terms of closest friendship with the saintly Bishop of Milan, a Doctor of the Church, and that there should be no record of any protest or outcry against it, and (which is a point much to be observed) that the decree should have dropped into comparative oblivion. It is on this latter ground that the Abbé Duchesne set aside the contention we are discussing, when it was advanced by Mr. Puller. The decree did not even find its way into the Theodosian Code.

This is what we have called the important feature of the case. The theory offends against common sense. The jurisdiction which on this theory was admittedly exercised by Rome over the whole West, must have had some other source than an

Imperial decree doomed to insignificance in the consciousness of after-ages. Had it been based on a principle so Erastian, either the whole West had suddenly become Erastian, or there must have been a world-wide protest against its sudden introduction. The Episcopate could protest against the slightest change in the doctrine of the Church: here was a change which affected not truth in the abstract, but their actual ecclesiastical status, their every-day life, so to speak, as Bishops—yet no protest. It would be enough, therefore, to dismiss the theory as unworthy of an historian. It ignores the historical situation.

But what of the decree itself—did its terms involve what Canon Bright imagines they did?

It was in answer to the petition of a Roman Council. Now this Council describes itself as consisting of Bishops "almost innumerable, gathered together from the various<sup>1</sup> parts of Italy to the sublime sanctuary of the Apostolic See." This is a bad beginning for Canon Bright's theory.<sup>2</sup> "The sublime sanctuary of the Apostolic See" is the centre to which they gathered, not the See of the Imperial City: in other words, the relation of Rome to the rest of Italy had to do, not with its Imperial position merely, but with its relation to St. Peter. They then state the circumstances which had led them to write, viz., the trouble caused by the schismatic Ursicinus and certain Bishops ordained by him, who clung to their churches, refusing to "acquiesce in the judgment of the Roman Bishop," and who threatened their judges with death. They mention the Bishops of Parma, Puteoli, and an African Bishop. They then speak of a Jew, who had brought accusations against the Bishop of Rome "with the fraudulent idea that whilst he pleads his cause" (it was a false accusation on the score of morality) "*who had been established judge over all*, there might be no one who could pass judgment on the lapsed, or at any rate on the factious invaders of the Episcopate." They, therefore, ask that a previous decree may be executed, which would effect this result, viz., that if a deposed Bishop is contumacious,<sup>3</sup> he is to come to Rome

<sup>1</sup> *Diffusis*, = "the parts diffused," throughout Italy. (Mansi, iii. 623.)

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Fuller, in quoting this sentence, substitutes asterisks for the words "sublime sanctuary of the Apostolic See;" Canon Bright does not quote them at all.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, "let your piety deign to order." Canon Bright has a curious way of translating the Latin *dignetur*. He objects strongly to its being used as the equivalent of "deign," and prefers to translate *digneris*, "be so good as to," &c., when the word is used by a Bishop to St. Leo. But Canon Bright cannot Anglicize the Latin language at his will.



summoned by the prætorian prefect of Italy or the vice-prefect of Rome. This was to be the case with a Bishop deposed by the Bishop of Rome himself or by any Catholic Bishop. But the Council goes on to speak of "more remote regions" than those just mentioned, *i.e.*, more remote than those covered by the prætorian-prefecture of Italy, or the vice-prefecture of Rome. What was to be done in the case of those who were contumacious in these "remoter regions"? Their case would come before the Metropolitan for local decision, or if the case should be that of the Metropolitan himself, he would have to "hasten without delay" (clearly through the action of the civil authority of the region, whoever he might be) "to Rome as a matter of necessity, or those whom the Roman Bishop should select as judges." But if the Metropolitan, or any other Bishop, is suspected of partiality by the deposed Bishop, the latter may appeal to Rome, or at least to a council of fifteen neighbouring Bishops.

But what if the Bishop of Rome should be accused of some fault, as Damasus had been accused by the Jew Isaac, not, of course, as to doctrine, but on other counts? He, the Bishop of Rome, is (says the Council) the Episcopal head (*sacerdotale caput*), and "though equal to his brethren in office, he excels them in the prerogative of the Apostolic See." Let him, therefore, in such cases plead before the Emperor himself.

Now it is to be noticed that the civil power is invoked in aid of the decisions of all who had been deposed by Episcopal judgment, not merely of those who had been deposed within the area over which, according to Canon Bright and Mr. Puller, the Bishop of Rome had metropolitical jurisdiction.

Canon Bright insinuates in a note<sup>1</sup> that the omission of certain words which show that the depositions by other Catholic Bishops, besides those of the Bishop of Rome, were to be regarded, is significant of a desire to keep back something which would tell against Papal Supremacy. In point of fact, the words in question could only be considered to bear on that question by one who, like Canon Bright, has formed an entirely erroneous conception of what is meant by Papal Supremacy. And, secondly, the words were an adoption of Mr. Puller's description of the case, who makes the same omission, with perfect justice, as does Canon Bright himself in his description of the Council's letter.

<sup>1</sup> P. 112, note 2.

Next, it is to be noticed that the Council ask that two different areas should be brought under the *ægis* of the civil power. They were, first, that which was covered by the civil jurisdiction of the prætorian-prefect of Italy and the vice-prefect of Rome; and next, regions more remote than these, under different civil governors, in which area the office of the Metropolitan comes out to view with great prominence. The Council did not enter into further details as regarded these more distant regions: possibly they did not know much about their civil government—anyhow, it was not their business to enter upon such matters beyond Italy.

Thirdly, they contemplate a jurisdiction on the part of Rome as already existent over Africa.

What does the Imperial Rescript say? It calls the See of Rome "the most holy See;" it enacts that deposed Bishops, by whomsoever condemned, being contumacious, and retaining their churches, should be sent to Rome by the prætorian prefects of Gaul and Italy, or the proconsuls or Vicars. It thus mentions the officials over the whole empire. It then goes on to speak of the "remoter parts." Now these could not be regions more distant than the area covered by those officials taken together. They are obviously the regions mentioned by the Council, which were more remote than the prefecture of Italy. As the Council had asked for a special provision in regard to these more distant regions, so the Imperial Rescript makes the very provision concerning them pleaded for by the Council. The Imperial Rescript, therefore, exactly covers the area mentioned by the Roman Council, and in no way enlarges the jurisdiction of the See of Rome.

But Canon Bright asserts that the phrase "more remote regions" must mean one thing in the Council's petition and another thing in the Imperial Rescript; that in the latter it means regions within the whole area intimated by the mention of the more numerous officials and not beyond that area (which of course is true); and that, therefore, it must, analogously, mean in the Council's letter some area less than that which is indicated by the officials named by them. To this the answer is plain, viz., that its meaning in the Council's letter is precise and unmistakable, and that, therefore, it must in all reason be considered to mean *the same* in the Imperial Rescript as it meant in the Council's petition. The only difference, then, in the Rescript is the distinct mention of the officials who were

to act over those "more remote regions," of which the Council of Rome had spoken—a natural addition in a legal document.

Thus Canon Bright is unable to make good his reason for supposing that there was any enlargement of the Papal jurisdiction, beyond that which was contemplated or assumed by the Council at Rome—which covers the whole Western Patriarchate, and is thus not due to an Imperial Rescript, which was, even in its legitimate civil effects, quite temporary, and fell into oblivion from its transitory character, having to do only with the troubles that arose through Ursicinus, the *quondam* pretender to the Papal throne.

We may just mention in passing that the rescript is considered by most authorities to be in the style of St. Ambrose himself, and that the Patriarchal incidents of Papal jurisdiction so mingle with the Petrine prerogatives of the See of Rome, that they partake of the authority of the Apostle, and hence in all the ecclesiastical settlements of that time, it is the Apostolic See of which Bishops, Doctors, Saints perpetually speak.

We cannot conclude our remarks on this part of our subject without adverting to a note which Canon Bright adds on the subject of Priscillian. He says that "Priscillian, in his recently recovered memorial to Damasus, addresses him as 'your crown' (=your Highness), as holding 'an Apostolic See,' as 'handing on the faith left him by the Apostles,' and as '*senior* omnium nostrum,' a phrase quite inadequate for supreme jurisdiction."

Now whether the expression "senior of all of us" is consistent with the idea of jurisdiction, depends on the context; and in this case the immediate context contains expressions which are certainly suggestive of supreme jurisdiction. Priscillian called Pope St. Damasus "your crown," or "Highness," a word used to kings. He spoke of St. Damasus as holding (not as Canon Bright mistranslates the word, "*an* Apostolic," but) "*the* Apostolic See."<sup>1</sup> Indeed, he did not use this expression at all by itself, for Canon Bright's is simply a misquotation. Priscillian speaks of having come "to the glory of the Apostolic See . . . at the bidding or exhortation of Blessed Peter." He connects the See with Blessed Peter. A "senior" who could be addressed as "your Highness," who held "the glory of the Apostolic See" through which "Blessed Peter"

<sup>1</sup> A *fac-simile* of the original of these words may be seen in a *Vortrag gehalten in der Philologisch-Historischen Gesellschaft zu Würzburg*, von Dr. Georg. Schepss, 1886, Würzburg, p. 19.

spoke, and whose occupant "hands on the faith left him by the Apostles" (an expression which implies some security as to the accuracy of the tradition), is in a position sufficiently high and authoritative to suit the Papal hypothesis.<sup>1</sup>

### III.

We are unwilling to conclude without giving our readers one more specimen of Canon Bright's methods of interpretation. The Council of Carthage of A.D. 417, had written to Pope Innocent I. on the subject of Pelagianism. "We have considered" (they say) "that we ought to acquaint your Holiness with this which was thus enacted, lord and brother, that the authority of the Apostolic See may be applied to the statutes of our lowliness, for the sake of guarding the salvation of many and also of correcting the perversity of some."<sup>2</sup> And further on they say, "And we fear lest we should seem to act unbecomingly in bringing forward before you those very things which you proclaim with greater grace from the Apostolic See." And again, the error and impiety (they say) "deserves the anathema of the Apostolic See."

It is generally considered that Augustine was present at the Council and wrote the letter. But be that as it may, he was present at the Council of Milevis, which immediately ensued, and which wrote a letter on the same subject to Innocent and with the same view. It would be simply irrational to suppose that this Council did not hold the same doctrine of the Apostolic See as its sister African Council at Carthage. Anyhow, St. Augustine shortly afterwards set his seal to the letters of these Councils. Now for the letter of the Council of Milevis, signed by Augustine, and (probably no one doubts) written by him.<sup>3</sup> The Bishops address Innocent as having been "placed in the Apostolic See" by the special bounty of our Lord. They speak of the "many things" which the Pelagians "discourse against the Holy Scriptures," which for brevity's sake they omit. They mention two, which they have con-

<sup>1</sup> Of course, in the Latin language there is no article, definite or indefinite. But the habitual use of the expression cited, for "the Apostolic See," must decide the question. Canon Bright elsewhere urges that St. Cyprian meant, in his time, the Apostolic See of the West. There is no trace of such a thought in Cyprian's writings: but even then Canon Bright would have to avoid the indefinite article. He could not speak of *an* Apostolic See of the West.

<sup>2</sup> Innoc. Ep. xxvi.

<sup>3</sup> Ep. 176.

demned in Celestius and Pelagius, and then they say, "We think that (by the help of God's mercy, which may it deign<sup>1</sup> both to guide you as you consult and hear you in your prayers) those who hold such perverse and pernicious opinions will yield more readily to the authority of your Holiness, derived from the authority of the Holy Scriptures."

Innocent answered. In the course of his answer he said: "The Fathers decreed, by a judgment not human, but Divine, that nothing done in remote provinces should be considered final until it came to the knowledge of this See, so that any just decision should be confirmed by its entire authority, and the other churches should take from it what they ought to enjoin," &c. We have given Canon Bright's own translation. And the Council of Milevis received a rescript in which it was said that "All our fellow Bishops are bound to refer to none but Peter—that is, the author of their name and office." Augustine and four Bishops had written a separate letter to Innocent, in which they spoke of not supposing that their "rivulet" could increase the "large fountain" of his Holiness; and Innocent takes up their expression and enlarges on the prerogatives of the Apostolic See, in his letter to the Council of Carthage.

Canon Bright does not dispute the Papal character of these letters from Innocent; and by Papal is meant their witness to the present claims of Leo XIII. But (1) he roundly accuses St. Innocent of telling a falsehood, and he (2) twists the words of St. Augustine till they mean nothing but what the advocate of "the Bible and the Bible only" theory would wish them to mean.

We are not concerned to defend St. Innocent. When a Professor of Ecclesiastical History can stoop to say, "The plain English of the matter is that Innocent, in true Roman fashion, was interpreting an application as broadly as suited him, and adding a broad assertion to match,"<sup>2</sup> he is better left to himself. But one thing we will point out, viz., that St. Augustine does not agree with Canon Bright. The latter thinks Innocent's answers most improper, full of falsehood, great "swelling words," "which it would have been impossible for Innocent to verify." But here is St. Augustine's quiet decision on these same letters. Speaking of "Innocent, of blessed memory," he says, in reference

<sup>1</sup> *Dignetur*—the word which Canon Bright translates "be so good as to," &c. when applied to St. Leo by a Bishop. (*Roman See*, p. 174.)

<sup>2</sup> P. 129.

to the letters of the two Councils and that of the five Bishops, including himself, on that matter (*i.e.*, the matter of Pelagianism), "To all things he replied to us in that way in which it was right and in which it became the prelate of the Apostolic See [to write]."<sup>1</sup>

If this is not strictly historical evidence to the conviction of Africa that the Apostolic See had prerogatives as the See of Peter, which made it the proper tribunal of last resort in a matter of faith, we venture to say that there is no worth in history—nothing, or anything, could be established in its name.

But Canon Bright translates St. Augustine's words, "the authority of your Highness, derived from the authority of the Holy Scriptures," thus: "They do not mean, as our author assumes, that the Papal right to decide such questions was 'of Divine institution,' but that his teaching is sure to be based on the Scriptural grounds to which they have just been referring." "Sure to be based"! What is this but Infallibility? But can Canon Bright be serious? This is that Innocent, of whom, two pages on, he says that he "was interpreting an application as broadly as suited him, and adding a broad assertion to match."

But how can Canon Bright justify his translation? St. Augustine says that the *authority* of the Holy See *has been* derived from the authority of the Holy Scriptures—not that its teaching is sure to be taken from them. If we may change "authority" into "teaching" and "derived" into "sure to be based," we may as well dispense with grammar altogether.

And if St. Augustine's summary elsewhere of the whole matter, viz., "Already two Councils have sent to the Apostolic See about that matter [of Pelagianism]. Thence rescripts have come. The case is finished; would that the error may be sometime ended too!" is not the same as saying that the Papal decision has ended (not begun) the matter, then logic must have acquired a new meaning under the influence of Anglican "history." If Canon Bright finds a "sign" against Rome<sup>2</sup> in such a very obvious deduction being made from such plain words, we are constrained to ask him to consider what *we* must naturally think of such methods of interpretation as

<sup>1</sup> Ep. 186, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> He says that the adoption of the saying, *Roma locuta est: causa finita est*, as a summary of St. Augustine's teaching, is, "in Anglican eyes, a scandalous offence against the truth, and one of the numerous class of 'signs' against Rome." (p. 131.)

have been instanced above. For these are but samples of what is to be found in this collection of sophisms and shifts which are put forth in defence of a theory which has ventured on an appeal to history. To have to repair for support to the theory of a supposititious first draft of an heretical romance (the explanation of the term "See of Peter" given by Canon Bright); to be obliged to trace the Western Patriarchate to the stroke of an Emperor's pen, whilst no protest exists as to such a rearrangement of the whole ecclesiastical order of the West; to be driven to denouncing a particularly holy Pope as a simple liar, and to differ from St. Augustine *toto cælo* as to the legitimacy of that Pope's ideas of the Apostolic See—this is a position, which having been assumed by Canon Bright, no mean scholar, and no mere *ignoramus*, may open the eyes of some to see what is involved in the Anglican appeal to history. Canon Bright has, at any rate, furnished fresh evidence of the historical difficulties that are met with in opposing the "claims of Rome."

LUKE RIVINGTON.



### *The Heroic Age of the Chevalier de St. George.*

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OF all the star-crossed Stuart race, none was more pitilessly pursued by fates and furies than the last prince born on British ground, the sixth and only surviving son of James VII. and II.; none has suffered more from the careless injustice of posterity. The malevolence of his enemies awaited him six years before his birth, to brand him with the lie that enshrouds his memory still. There is so much in a name. Sully's five words of epigram remained the accepted portrait of his great-grandfather, until Mr. Gardiner showed us, only the other day, the first King of Great Britain as he was, learned and wise, honest and kindly.<sup>1</sup> So the nickname bestowed upon the eighth James Stuart not only lost him his crown, but has stamped him for nearly two centuries as an insignificant presentment of senile fatuity. Yet the sad-faced exile of the Piazza dei Sant' Apostoli was a "Young Pretender" once; handsome, charming, eager, brave as the son who, with all his misfortunes, had the luck to make himself known at his best in his own country, and to draw his sword for his own right.

The best-known picture of James in his youth is given to us in *Esmond*: a bacchanalian young prince with a taste for waiting-maids and a low standard of honour; entirely ignorant of England; never in earnest over the cause in which so much noble blood was poured out like water. A fancy picture, not a portrait; as purely a creature of imagination as *Esmond* himself, as we shall find upon the evidence of the original, and that of his contemporaries; made of careless assumptions and one or two current lies which shall be met in their place. Immoral—were not all the Stuarts immoral? There was Charles II., and there was his own father.... Intemperate—did not his son seek to drown his woes in the foaming bowl? It is the sins of his son,

<sup>1</sup> It must be admitted, we think, that this estimate represents only one view of James' character, and has not by any means won general acceptance. (Ed. of THE MONTH.)



with those of his uncle and remote ancestors, which are visited upon James ; which is after more than Mosaic severity. It is noticeable that none of the modern historians who profess to describe him, give any reference for their lightly-spoken slanders. According to contemporary evidence, his private life was absolutely stainless. No man ever more fitly wore a white flower for his symbol. Searching into its clean though joyless records, we are met by none of the painful puzzles which distress the friendly historians of Mary Stuart and of Charles I. ; by none of the equally painful disillusionings which await us in the records of his son. Nothing turns up that is not to his credit ; nothing that does not emphatically give the lie to the calumnies of much-interested enemies, and of one who should have been his best and dearest friend.

As for Thackeray's imputations on his courage, Thackeray himself bears witness against himself :

There was always a doubt about James' courage. (*Four Georges—George II.*)

He never dared to draw his sword, though he had it. (*Esmond*, bk. iii. ch. i.)

He had behaved, as we all knew, in a very courageous manner on the field. (*Esmond*, bk. iii. ch. ix.)

At Oudenarde . . . this noble young prince, who charged gallantly along with the magnificent Maison du Roy . . . (*Esmond*, bk. ii. ch. xiii.)

The King of England charged us no less than twelve times that day [of Malplaquet]. (*Esmond*, bk. iii. ch. i.)

"You are the child of vows and prayers," his dying father impressed upon him. "Never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation : " and he never did. No martyr ever stuck to his creed more stoutly and more honestly. Over and over again the crown of England was offered to him by those who had it in their power to make good the offer, if only he would abjure or, at least, dissemble. He never for a moment allowed such a question to be considered. He would tolerate the religion of his subjects ; he would trust and honour his Protestant servants ; but he allowed no mistake to be made about his own religion. He was as sincere in his personal religion as he was staunch in its outward profession ; yet, though the Jacobites lamented that his mother had brought him up rather for Heaven than for earth, he was as little of a priest-ridden bigot as of a persecutor. No priest had the ordering

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of his policy. His confessors were his confessors and friends—no more. The Abbé Innes, or Inese,<sup>1</sup> corresponded on his behalf, as Secretary for Scotland; but we never find him acting as a responsible minister, while Bishop Atterbury did thus act, and was profoundly and affectionately respected by his master. A religious, affectionate, and upright man we find him, from his shadowed boyhood, through his anxious manhood, to his weary old age.

But the gloom of that melancholy Court of St. Germain's hung over him. The atmosphere of hope deferred and bitter disappointment, of penances and austerities, must have oppressed a young spirit cabined in a body that from the first had been very frail. His physical delicacy held him from a healthy sufficiency of athletic exercise. Alone of all the Stuarts—unless we count the Duke of Berwick—he did not care keenly for sport, though he rode well,<sup>2</sup> and went boar-hunting and stag-hunting with the French Court.<sup>3</sup> St. Germain's, being low and wooded, never suited him.<sup>4</sup> So against the bright Stuart temperament there strove the influences of bodily weakness and depressing surroundings, and his spirits fell, in quite early manhood, from heights of ardent energy to the abiding melancholy of his grandfather, Charles I.

He was trained from the first to be brave and to honour courage and loyalty. The Queen told her friends at Chaillot that the only time she had ever seen her husband in a passion was when the Prince at four years old had shown some little childish terror. There is a pretty story (*ap. Amedée Pichot*) of the Prince meeting some poor broken soldiers who had fought under Dundee; how he listened to their history, and gave them his gracious little hand to kiss and his little purse, containing ten or twelve pistoles, to be divided among them. There is a portrait of him at this age, now in the National Portrait Gallery, painted by Largillière, with his sister Louisa: a bonny, hopeful little boy, with his mother's large brown eyes and dark

<sup>1</sup> Inese, left at St. Germain's when James went to Bar, took, in 1718, to meddling with politics beyond his province, even to garbling the royal proclamations, and was promptly dismissed by James from the Queen's service. (*Stuart Papers.*)

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Lesly's Letter.

<sup>3</sup> "La cour Anglaise est retournée à S. Germain au grand regret du roi d'Angleterre qui s'est fort diverti ici: c'est un tres joli prince qui s'est fait fort aimer." (*Dangeau, Mémoires.*)

<sup>4</sup> Here accounts differ. Miss Strickland says the air was too bracing and sharp for him.

curling hair. Portraits at all ages are innumerable, canvases, miniatures, and medals: they show a delicately-featured, thin, oval face, with a sweet-tempered mouth and dark almond-shaped eyes: smiling eyes, during the earlier years.

He was thirteen when on his father's death he became King *de jure* of England, and was so proclaimed by Louis XIV. His prospects were far from hopeless. The hearts of nearly all England and Scotland were with the innocent boy who certainly had done nothing to forfeit his birthright. Besides the large and devoted party whose allegiance to the native dynasty had never wavered, there were many who had suffered by the financial disasters of the Orange Government; and there were those opportunists who, officially faithful to the Protestant succession, did their best to let the St. Germain's people know that when the right moment should arrive, they might be counted friends.

The warming-pan story had long been discredited by honest men, his sister's birth having been the best of certificates for his own, even without the incontrovertible evidence collected by James II., though it was still eagerly exploited by unscrupulous politicians. In the lifetime of the Prince of Orange, the Prince of Wales was so formidable a rival that schemes were set on foot, ostensibly for his advantage, which are darkly suggestive of historic repetition. William offered to adopt him and recognize him as his heir,<sup>1</sup> but the offer was declined; no doubt with a shuddering glance at precedents in the paternal benevolence of John and Richard III. The man who had made himself master of Holland by the butchery of the two valiant de Witts, a crime from which even Macaulay does not attempt to clear him,<sup>2</sup> was hardly to be trusted with the custody of a child for whose sake the majority of his "subjects" were longing to hurl him from the throne.

Later, it was reported that the boy himself had been tampered with by emissaries from Scotland, who persuaded him that would he but come over the sea and show himself, he would be immediately set upon the throne; and that the

<sup>1</sup> Dalrymple; *Journal of James II.*; and see the Treaty of Ryswick.

<sup>2</sup> "De Witt [there were two, John and Cornelius, but Macaulay finds one enough to confess to] was torn in pieces before the gate of the palace. The Prince of Orange, who had no share in the guilt of the murder, but who on this occasion, as on another lamentable occasion twenty years later, extended to the crimes perpetrated in his cause an indulgence which has left a stain on his glory, became chief of the Government without a rival." (Macaulay's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 219.)

Prince was so eager to swim into the net that his guards had to be increased.<sup>1</sup>

Immediately after the death of James II., the Duke of Hamilton and a party of Scottish lords set about organizing a rising on behalf of the young King. The Prince of Orange was personally unpopular. The nation groaned under the heavy taxation necessitated by his Continental wars, while his Darien speculation had ruined Scotland. Lord Belhaven was sent to St. Germain's to entreat the Queen-Mother that her son might become a Protestant; in which case the Duke would at once proclaim him King of Scots, and the English Parliament would almost certainly follow suit by recalling him.

The Queen refused. Her son would rather die than change his religion, young as he was. Then would she send him to Scotland that his people might see and know him? The Queen would not consent to an experiment so dangerous at his age. She was as little of an *intrigante* as a stateswoman; a fervently religious and most loving woman, nothing more. She could not quite trust Lord Belhaven, who was only a very recent convert to Jacobitism. He waited and coaxed for three months in vain. Then, on March 8th, William of Orange died, and the Princess Anne was proclaimed his successor.

In spite of the accomplished fact of the Protestant Succession, this was a rather unexpected turn of affairs, but it gave something of a breathing space. The King was a minor. The Regency of his Italian mother would be unpopular, if not impossible. His half-sister was elderly, gouty, and childless, and by the time he would be of age to reign, might be dead. She detested the idea of Hanoverian heirs, and her heart turned to the young brother, for whose wrong she believed her last child's life to have been required of her. She, at least, was no moody foreigner, but a genuine, genial English Princess, and the Tories and the High Church party did not hesitate to swear fealty to their late King's daughter.

But there were restless spirits at work. In 1703, Lord Lovat came to St. Germain's with a scheme of restoration, but his character for treachery was already too well established, and the King and his chief Minister, Middleton, refused to listen to his plausible representations. The Queen was duped by him, but before any mischief was done, Lovat was exposed by the Duke of Berwick, on whose sense and absolute integrity

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon.*

Mary Beatrice always implicitly relied. After an interlude of imprisonment in the Bastille, Lovat returned to Scotland to traffic again with both parties.

The King lived on quietly with his mother and sister at St. Germain's, visiting the French Court from time to time; treated by the French King with a grand courtesy which Louis would never have condescended to pay to any less unfortunate Prince. But the French armies were being beaten by Marlborough, and the French exchequer was running dry, and it became urgent that the victorious battalions should be diverted from Flanders and the Rhine to defend the throne of Queen Anne. In 1707, Colonel Hooke, a member of a respectable English family, who had followed the fortunes of James II. and had taken service in the French army, was sent by Louis XIV. into Scotland to see how the land lay there and arrange for a rising; avowedly with an eye, if not both eyes, to the advantage of France. The land lay most favourably. The Scots were smarting under the humiliation of their recent absorption by the "sad and sorrowfu' Union" unto the larger and richer kingdom, the "auld enemy" against whose arrogance and aggression their fathers had struggled for five hundred years. "There was scarce one of a thousand that did not now declare for the *King*; nay, the Presbyterians and Cameronians were willing to pass over the objection of his being Papist, for, saith they (according to their predestinating principles), God may convert him, or he may have Protestant children, but the Union can never be good."<sup>1</sup>

Ten lords and chiefs—Errol, Panmure, Stormont, and Kinnaird; James Ogilvie of Boyne, N. Moray, N. Keith (for Earl Marischal), Drummond of Logie, Thomas Fotheringham of Powrie, and Alexander Innes of Coxtoun—signed a memorial in the name of the nation, addressed to the King of France. It was altogether a French affair. The Dukes of Gordon and Hamilton wrote assurances of their loyalty directly to James, but the King of England was treated from beginning to end, especially by Hooke himself, as a mere pawn in the game. The French King was assured of the now universal loyalty of the nation to King James; that his presence was absolutely necessary; that the nation would rise upon his arrival, make him master of Scotland, and abolish the present Government without any opposition. They were ready to march upon

<sup>1</sup> *Lockhart Papers*, vol. i. p. 224.

England, thirty thousand strong, from Perth, Stirling, Duns, and Dumfries. They were well provided with horses, clothes, and provisions; but, owing to their known loyalty, they had suffered much from disarming raids, and, except in the Highlands and the west, were badly off for arms and ammunition. With respect to the sinews of war, the condition of the nation, taxed and swindled as it had been, was very deplorable. They begged of his most Christian Majesty that he would send with King James such a number of troops as would be sufficient to secure his person against accidents, under a general of distinguished rank—his brother, the Duke of Berwick, for choice: and, by special request of the Duke of Hamilton, 100,000 pistoles.<sup>1</sup>

Some Scottish deputies, commissioned by these gentlemen, were concealed in the village of Montrouge, near Paris.<sup>2</sup> They urged the expedition strongly. Louis consented, and gave orders that thirty ships should be fitted out, including transports, at Dunkirk and the neighbouring ports. The Chevalier de Fourbin, who had distinguished himself in the Adriatic and on the North Sea, was appointed to the command of the squadron. Four millions of livres were sent to Flanders to pay the troops there, of whom six thousand were ordered to Dunkirk on pretext of changing garrisons. The secret was kept, it was professed, almost until the end, but delays were fatal to the expedition. The French Ministers, Chamillart and Pontchartrain, quarrelled over it. Fourbin, the admiral, was unwilling to sail. Middleton, King James's Governor, disapproved of the whole business; but, since France supported it, he was bound to assent, and was "the only real Mentor whom the Queen appointed for her son upon the expedition."<sup>3</sup>

On March 6, 1708, the King left St. Germain's for Dunkirk, glowing with courage and hopefulness. He was within three months of his twentieth birthday; extremely tall and thin, with a noble countenance, great natural dignity, and a perfect temper.<sup>4</sup> St. Simon describes him as showing *beaucoup de*

<sup>1</sup> Hooke's *Negotiations*.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires complets du Duc de S. Simon*, vol. vi. c. xi.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> Louise Hollandaise, Abbess of Maubisson, to her sister the Electress Sophia, March 8th, 1708: "Le roy d'Angleterre partit hier pour Dunquerque . . . s'il plaît à Dieu. Toujours sera-t-il vray que ce jeune Prince aura par deuers lui la ioye de l'espérance et celle d'un voyage agréable. A son âge florissant, beau, bien fait, aimable et d'une humeur à souhait il ne luy manque qu'une meilleur situation et cest qui dépend de la Providence." (*State Papers*, 1686—1707.)



*volonté et de fermeté*, though in his eyes he was spoiled by "a docility which was the result of a bad education, austere and narrow;" for the Queen, holy as she was, always wanted to rule her son and keep him in subjection.<sup>1</sup> He was courteous, kind, and tractable—"the first gentleman I ever knew," said Lord Mar. "He has the sweetest temper in the world." His manner was cold. His governor, the Duke of Perth, often recommended him to cultivate the grace that was natural to his sister. The Queen said it was true he had not the brilliant wit of her daughter, who possessed both brilliance and solidity, while her son possessed only solidity.<sup>2</sup> He was of undaunted courage.<sup>3</sup> Though his enemies tried hard to prove him a coward, no proof of his cowardice has ever yet appeared.<sup>4</sup> Foreign though his training was, his heart beat true to England all his life long. "You know there is no greater Englishman than I," he writes to his son. "He was a better, more easy, and perhaps more elegant writer than any of his servants," as we can read for ourselves in his numerous, beautifully-written, and clearly-expressed letters, though his natural abilities were said scarcely to keep pace with his exterior accomplishments.<sup>5</sup> He was as economical and exact in his business affairs as his father had been. Never was Prince born to inherit a throne who had in him more of the makings of an excellent King.

The King of France provided for him, besides fleet and forces, a princely outfit, and on February 28 presented the royal knight-errant with a diamond-hilted sword, and embraced him with a repetition of the words with which he had sped his father to La Hogue: "The best wish I can give you is that I may never see your face again." It is said that Louis was but playing with the poor young King's hopes, and never intended that he should land in Scotland; that his admiral had secret orders to that effect, and that the English Government was warned. The fact probably is that Louis, who warmly loved the exiled family, and was bound by his impulsive promise to the dying James II. to stand his son's friend, was really in an acutely painful strait betwixt the two. He would have been glad enough to see James on the British throne, but he was too keen a statesman not to know that, as matters stood,

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon.*

<sup>2</sup> *Chaillot Papers.*

<sup>3</sup> *Lockhart Papers*, vol. i. p. 242, margin.

<sup>4</sup> *Æneas and his Two Sons.*

<sup>5</sup> *Macpherson's Original Papers.*

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success could not be brought off without his help, which he was really unable to give. It was more than he could manage to help himself against Anne's victorious armies.

But the eager young King suspected none of this. One of the company warned him that he might find himself surrounded by the enemy's ships or meet contrary winds. He answered doughtily that, when once afloat, he would not turn back for the strongest winds and the fiercest enemies; that it was his duty to remain upon the ship the King of France had been good enough to entrust to him;<sup>1</sup> that he would remain in Scotland if he found only one castle faithful.<sup>2</sup>

The hidden deputies had preceded him by twelve days; Perth, Middleton, and the Hamiltons, by one or two. He took only two attendants with him. His sister, Princess Louisa, was ill of measles, and he was not allowed to say good-bye to her—a vain precaution, as it turned out. His carriage broke down on the way—a bad omen. When he arrived at Dunkirk, it was found that he had caught measles. Frail as he had always been, he was now so ill that the doctors and his servants declared it to be as much as his life was worth to embark; but after three days' durance, he insisted upon being wrapped in blankets and carried on board, half recovered and very feeble.<sup>3</sup>

"Here I am on board at last," he writes to his mother; "the body is very weak, but the courage is so good that it will sustain the weakness of the body. I hope not to write to you again until I write from the palace at Edinburgh, where I expect to arrive on Saturday."<sup>4</sup> "I would never abandon my subjects who are sacrificing themselves for me,"<sup>5</sup> he writes to Louis XIV. "I cannot express the ardour with which the King of England longed to set off," writes the Intendant of Marine at Dunkirk to Pontchartrain.

And was not this a knightly young Prince, brave, bright, high-hearted as any of his gallant forefathers? Yet his enemies got wind of the story to turn it into a lie, saying he had been so afraid and unwilling to go that his attendants had to carry him on board by force!

Fate was against him, for all his valour, whether the French were faithful or false. Ill winds blew him in behind the dunes of Ostend, and rains drenched him, poor convalescent that he

<sup>1</sup> Dangeau, *Journal*, vol. ii.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon.*

<sup>4</sup> Dangeau.

<sup>5</sup> Dangeau.



was. Two days after he sailed, twenty-seven English ships came before Dunkirk. They followed him, but though he had lost a day by stress of weather, he had now a fair wind, and reached the Firth of Forth on May 13th, expecting to land before they caught him up.

Rambure, a lieutenant on a French frigate which had got separated from the squadron in the storm, entered the Firth to find it covered with ships and boats, and supposed the King must have arrived and that all these vessels had come to meet and escort him to Edinburgh, where he was being waited for with the utmost enthusiasm.<sup>1</sup> Rambure was surprised at the publicity of the apparent demonstration, still more at the non-appearance of the King. A Scottish gentleman came from one of the boats to the frigate and reported that the lords and chiefs of Scotland, with twenty thousand men, were ready to take arms and to proclaim King James on the moment of his arrival. Rambure returned perplexedly down the Forth to seek his fleet. The roar of cannon greeted him at the mouth. The English fleet had come up with Admiral Fourbin, who, after waiting under the Isle of May, was being pursued by Sir George Byng and a force far superior to his own.<sup>2</sup>

In vain the poor young King implored Fourbin to set him, and such as were his own subjects, ashore at Wemyss Castle, that he might strike one blow for his crown. Fourbin replied that his orders were to take the same care of the King of England's person as if he had been his own master. There was some hope held out of landing at Inverness, but Middleton here objected so strongly that Inverness must be quite unprepared, King James having been expected at Edinburgh, that Fourbin set sail for France; bearing the King once more away from his native land without any consent of his own.

The Duke of Berwick, who knew nothing of this expedition until it was over, blamed Fourbin very severely for his conduct. Too true himself to dream untruth in a French officer, he maintained that the admiral should have landed the King and

<sup>1</sup> Lord Leven, the commander-in-chief under the Government, complained to the Secretary of State that the Jacobites were so uppish, he durst hardly look them in the face as they walked in the streets of Edinburgh. His forces were so small, he could not have prevented the King landing or stood against him when he was landed, and the English army was safe over the sea. As happened later, when Prince Charles arrived at Derby, there was panic in London and a run upon the Bank. (*Lockhart Papers*, ii. p. 242.)

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon*, vol. vi.

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troops at the sacrifice of his ships. All Scotland expected him, and was friendly; England was without defences; Queen Anne would have arranged matters rather than allow civil war to break out.<sup>1</sup>

The English fleet overtook Fourbin's rear-guard and fought it, taking two ships. The officers on board, amongst whom were two sons of Lord Middleton, were taken to the Tower. The Chevalier de Tourouvre distinguished himself by covering the King's ship with his own, and thus saving his life.<sup>2</sup>

So the King went back to France, bitterly disappointed, but always reasonable, and as generous as he was sweet-tempered. He had not been allowed to flesh his maiden sword in Scotland, but it should not be his fault if it rusted in the scabbard. As soon as he landed at Dunkirk, he wrote to King Louis for leave to join the army in Flanders. Leave was granted, and he returned to St. Germain's on Friday, April 20th. Next day there was a meeting between the Kings at Marly, when stately ceremony did not conceal the sore-heartedness of the younger prince nor the distressed embarrassment of the elder.

On May 18th, he left St. Germain's for Flanders. By his own request, he was to serve incognito as a volunteer, and he assumed the name of the Chevalier de St. George. Though a volunteer, he chose his post at the head of the Scottish regiments, who were overwhelmed with gratification. The Duke of Burgundy, son of the Dauphin, was in command, having under him his brother the Duke of Berry and Marshal Vendôme.

French prospects were looking up in the world, owing, it was whispered then and known not long after, to the venal treason of Queen Anne's general, Marlborough, who was corresponding with his nephew of Berwick. In the preceding year Berwick had beaten the English and their allies at Almanza.

James won golden opinions from his comrades. He was hospitable and popular, but lived with great prudence. He gained not only the affection of all, but the esteem of his commanders, by his application as well as his ardour. "My Chevalier is as well as can be," writes the Queen. It was good for both body and mind to get away from the gloom of St. Germain's. In this campaign he had the luck to win laurels at Oudenarde,

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*, tome ii. p. 59.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon*.

where he displayed great valour and coolness,<sup>1</sup> and sent round after the battle to compliment his subjects upon their victory.

Owing to his holding no command, and being lost in the splendid charges of the *Maison du Roy*, he was not picked out by the allies, nor was the Duke of Berry, though he did hold a command. "The English [therefore] took occasion to report that neither of them ventured into the field. As it was no easy matter to confute this report in England, it gained ground and credit every day, till at last it was publicly and positively given out that both the King and the Duke were safe spectators of the Battle of Oudenarde from the top of an adjacent steeple, and that the former had had the levity to laugh heartily when the Prince of Hanover's horse was shot under him, both the beast and his rider falling to the ground."<sup>2</sup> The writer goes on to prove the impossibility of the Duke of Berry, whose courage was never aspersed and who held a command under his brother, being out of the action; of the non-existence, too, of any steeple so conveniently situated. The facts were that the Duke of Berry assisted the Duke of Vendôme three times in rallying the Household troops, while even the Dutch, who invented the story, presently admitted that James was in the battle until it was almost over, and stuck by the Duke of Berry until accident separated them. Many saw him on horseback very busily riding up and down with the Duke, but being attended by very few persons and his habit very plain, he was perhaps on this account the less taken notice of.<sup>3</sup>

The day after the Battle of Oudenarde, the Duke of Marlborough suddenly asked Marshal Biron, who was dining with him and his officers, after the "Prince of Wales," apologizing for calling him so. Biron smiled, hiding his surprise, and said there was no difficulty in the matter of names, for they always called him the Chevalier de St. George. He praised him highly and at great length. Marlborough listened attentively, and said it gave him much pleasure to hear such good news of the young prince, in whom he could not help feeling deeply interested. Then he changed the conversation.<sup>4</sup>

Soon after the Battle of Oudenarde, the French army marched to the relief of Lille, which the Allies had invested. The King of England accompanied the French Princes and

<sup>1</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.*

<sup>2</sup> *Æneas and his Two Sons.*

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Mémoires du Duc de S. Simon*, vi. p. 263.

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the Duke of Vendôme, who, advancing before the army, went to reconnoitre the enemy's camp, almost close to Marlborough's entrenchments. The British troops fired upon them. The Duke of Vendôme suggested to the King that he was recognized and specially aimed at, and advised him to retire. James declined. If Heaven had destined him for a crown, he could not be killed there: if not, he might as well die there as at St. Germain's. The Duke of Burgundy turned his horse and wheeled off. A ball from the Prussian guns killed his aide-de-camp. They all retired, but James was the last man who turned about to regain the army; nor did he, though a raw soldier, seem in the least daunted by the great and small shot which every now and then flew whizzing by his ears. This story has been frequently repeated by the Duke of Vendôme himself, who ever after spoke very respectfully of the King's behaviour.<sup>1</sup>

Yet, because James was with the army which Marlborough sent flying from Oudenarde, his traducers taunted him with running away, and said he would never lose his life by fighting.<sup>2</sup>

He caught a fever at Mons, and returned greatly enfeebled to St. Germain's. It hung upon him for many months,<sup>3</sup> but he insisted upon setting off in the following June to make his second campaign in Flanders, where, on the terrible day of Malplaquet, September 20, 1709, he charged the English army twelve times at the head of the French grenadiers,<sup>4</sup> and was wounded in the arm.<sup>5</sup> He was sent home to St. Germain's, invalided and depressed, but was back again in the spring upon campaign number three. He recovered his spirits at once, and writes cheerily to Middleton from his camp at Arlieu, June 2:<sup>6</sup>

"At last, thanks to the irresolution of our generals, I have got a moment to write to you. . . . We are here, we know not

<sup>1</sup> *Aeneas and his Two Sons*, Anonymous, but certainly not written by a Jacobite.

<sup>2</sup> *Secret History of Bar-le-Duc*.

<sup>3</sup> Strickland. See also the long account given of a visit paid by him at this time to Fénélon at Cambrai, and Fénélon's high testimonial to his character in a letter to the Duke of Burgundy. (*Fénélon à Cambrai*. Par Emmanuel de Broglie.)

<sup>4</sup> Dangeau.

<sup>5</sup> "Enfin tous les Anglais ont bu à la santé du roi d'Angleterre, c'est-à-dire, les soldats." (Dangeau.)

<sup>6</sup> "Il acquit par son affabilité l'amitié de tout-le-monde, car naturellement on se prévient en faveur des malheureux quand il n'y a pas eu de leur faute, et que leur conduite d'ailleurs est bonne." (*Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*, ii. p. 61.)

<sup>6</sup> Macpherson, *Papers*.

why, knowing we are not well; always disputing and never resolving, just as at — [Versailles]. . . My equipage is in great order, and Booth looks after the accounts mighty well. I find it is enough to be out of St. Germain's to have one's health, for I don't remember ever to have had it better than it is now."

He was ill, however, with ague shortly after, but writes to Middleton from Arras, July 4, that he is "now well enough to go with the army if there were appearance of action." James Ogilvie, suspected of being a spy from England, was worrying him with invitations to return to Scotland; but he knew Ogilvie to be untrustworthy, and France to be incapable of assistance, and, with his usual sense, he refused to heed the voice of the charmer. "My sister," he goes on, "is as well pleased to be at Chaillot as you are to be out of St. Germain's. 'Tis a fine evening, so I must end, to go and take a walk in a prettier place, I believe, than you have in your palace at Chaillot, though I hear it is very magnificent."<sup>1</sup>

A few days later, July 13, we have the picturesque scene described in *Esmond*, when the King showed himself across the River Canihe to his admiring subjects, cheering him from the other side. A day or two later Charles Booth, a gentleman of his suite, distributed medals from the King to those who would welcome them. A little note accompanied them, saying: "The metal is good, for it bore six hours' fire. You know it was hot, for you melted or blew the coals." Then, in case of misapprehension by dull minds: "You know it was well tried the 11th [N.S.] of September, 1709," the day of Malplaquet.<sup>2</sup>

Louis XIV. was now compelled to make peace with the British Government, and to consent, among other conditions, to banish the King from France. At the end of 1710, the Abbé Gautier, probably the original of "Father Holt,"<sup>3</sup> was sent to the Duke of Berwick by Harley, Earl of Oxford, newly appointed High Treasurer. No one else at St. Germain's, not even the Queen, was taken into their confidence.<sup>4</sup> Would James consent that Anne should enjoy the crown for her life, securing possession to her brother after her death? Would he consent

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson, v. ii. p. 155.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson, *Original Papers*.

<sup>3</sup> He was not a Jesuit, which was a disqualification for the purposes of romantic fiction easily remedied.

<sup>4</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*.

to preserve the Anglican religion and the liberties of the kingdom? To both conditions James, advised by his brother, willingly consented. Berwick had for the present retired from the French active service, and was the young King's principal counsellor. Wise as he was brave, true as steel, sincerely religious—"The best great man that ever was"<sup>1</sup>—of stainless reputation, no king ever had more faithful servant, or kinder brother.

James accordingly wrote to his sister. The rough draught of the letter is given in Macpherson's *Stuart Papers*. There is a very similar letter in a pamphlet at the British Museum, in a *Curious Collection of Letters from Prince James and others*, published at Edinburgh in 1750. As this letter is dated 1712, and contains many passages not to be found in Macpherson's transcript from the Nairne collection, it was probably garbled for the approval of those who required from the King a quite filial submission to the *de facto* Queen, humble apologies for his religion, and assurances that he was open to conviction—these last, sops to the Whig Cerberus which James would never for a moment have deigned to proffer.<sup>2</sup>

He urged Anne to heal the divisions of the nation by restoring to him his birthright—a boon he preferred to receive at her hands to those of any other. He appealed to her natural affection for a brother who had done her no wrong, to promises made by her to their father. It is probable, since there remains no evidence for any other explanation, that he alludes here to the heart-broken, penitent letter she is said to have written to her father immediately after the death of the little Duke of Gloucester. James promised to make the laws of the country his rule of government; to refuse no reasonable terms of accommodation for her; to secure the rights of the Church of England, and to grant such toleration to dissenters as Parliament might see fit.<sup>3</sup>

At the same time he and Berwick wrote a letter to circulate among his friends in England, promising protection to the Church of England, while he spoke plainly as to his own religion, which he was resolved never to dissemble, being satisfied of the truth of it. He would never look worse upon any

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke.

<sup>2</sup> "He absolutely forbids all discourse concerning religion." (Bolingbroke's letter to Sir W. Windham, p. 272.)

<sup>3</sup> Macpherson.

persons because in this they chanced to differ with him, nor would he refuse in due time and place to hear what they had to say on the matter; but they must not take it ill if he used the same liberty he allowed to others, to adhere to the religion which he in his conscience thought the best.<sup>1</sup> Meantime, to prove their good faith, all Jacobites were instructed to unite with the Court party.<sup>2</sup>

But Harley shilly-shallied, and made innumerable difficulties where honest Berwick saw all in so simple a light. It was agreed that matters could be more conveniently arranged were the King residing at a greater distance from Paris, which neighbourhood he was in any case under notice to quit. Upon the pretext of a tour through France, he went in August to stay with his brother in Dauphiné, where Berwick now held a command. "On June 16, 1711," writes Dangeau, "the King of England went upon a tour round France, by Dijon and Franche-Comté to Alsace, to see the French army of Germany, returning by Lyons, Languedoc, and Guienne, and inspecting the army of Dauphiné by the way." At Lyons he bought a handsome riding-skirt of brocade for his sister, the bright young Princess Louisa, that she might hold up her royal head with more fitting dignity amongst other princesses.<sup>3</sup>

He arrived at Montpellier on October 16, where he stayed two days, magnificently entertained by M. de Roquelaure. He was again out of health. He left Montpellier for Toulouse, where a splendidly-decorated barge was prepared for him, in which he sailed down the Garonne to Bordeaux.

He returned to his mother and sister at Chaillot on November 4th. The preliminaries of the Peace of Utrecht were not yet settled, so he remained at home, unsettled but unmolested. His departure was further and most sorrowfully postponed by his falling ill of small-pox at Easter, 1712, and by the death of his sister of the same hideous disease a fortnight later, on April 18th, in her twentieth year.

He was seriously ill, and slow of recovering, but was able to show himself at the opera, while Bolingbroke, Queen Anne's Ambassador, who was still negotiating the peace, was also present in the theatre. The young King was almost as handsome

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick.*

<sup>3</sup> Stuart Papers relating to Mary of Modena.



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as ever, in spite of the damage the small-pox had worked upon his complexion.<sup>1</sup>

On September 6th he bade his mother farewell, but, reluctant still to quit French territory, the treaty not yet being signed, he went to Châlons-sur-Marne. The change from St. Germain's again did his health good. Lord Galway saw him at Châlons, looking well, and as fond of exercise as his father had been, walking round the ramparts every day.<sup>2</sup>

The Peace of Utrecht was signed in April, 1713. The sensitive (*chatouilleux*) English Government protested against this sojourn at Châlons. The too interesting Royal exile must be sent to a greater distance—to Italy or Germany. A compromise was effected. Queen Anne was not anxious that her brother should be out of sight and out of mind, though she refused to admit his rival, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, within speaking distance. The Duke of Lorraine offered hospitality to the princely outcast, and James betook himself to Bar-le-Duc, where he set up his Court. The climate was too sharp for his delicate lungs.<sup>3</sup> He fell ill again with a pulmonary affection, and was ordered to drink the waters of Plombières. He had no money to take him there, and the Queen had to raise it upon her pension from the French Government.<sup>4</sup>

An article appeared in *Blackwood* in 1894,<sup>5</sup> telling an interesting and romantic, if not altogether creditable story, of a vine-dresser's daughter at Bar, to visit whom James was wont to climb a long flight of narrow stone steps to a bower he had "bigged" for her at somebody else's expense. The story may be true as it stands. James was but a man and a prince, and the ways of princes, in that age if not now, were ways that were often strait and secret, yet leading to destruction. Since there is no substantial evidence given for it as it stands, it is more than permissible—it is common justice—to give James the benefit of the doubt, on the ground of his proven character, and to guess that the story rests on no surer bases than these: At Bar there lived a fascinating and interesting young prince, and princely morals were easy. At Bar there is a long, secluded flight of

<sup>1</sup> Here again accounts differ. Nairne writes that "his countenance was not spoiled with small-pox, that he looked manlier than he did, and was really healthier than before." (Macpherson, *Papers*.)

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> "The Pretender at Bar-le-duc."



steps to a small, secluded house. What more likely than that this had been a Rosamond's bower? And who should more picturesquely play the lover's part than the Royal resident in the town?

His prospects were now very hopeful. Anne was really dying. The English Ministry, with Oxford at its head and Bolingbroke Secretary of State, was in his favour. Marlborough in disgrace with Court and Government, had still a name to conjure with, and corresponded with James more closely than during the Flanders campaigns, and might any day declare himself an open adherent. "I do not see why when Rancourt (James) goes to Scotland," the King writes to Berwick, August 23, 1715, "he might not write a letter to Malbranche (Marlborough) to require his attendance there or his declaring openly for him in England, for such an order would of necessity oblige Malbranche to pull off the mask and trim no longer. I think it is now more than ever *Now or Never!* J. R."<sup>1</sup> An army containing two such generals as Marlborough and Berwick, would conquer the world in arms against it. The religious difficulties alone barred the way to certain triumph; and to the amazed contempt of sceptics like Bolingbroke,<sup>2</sup> and the despair of sincere High Churchmen like Atterbury and Lesly, James declared emphatically, unflinchingly, and unvaryingly, that he would not purchase three kingdoms by the sacrifice of a Mass. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him. The easy-going Catholics of the French Court could not understand such stern conscientiousness in the great-grandson of Henry of Navarre. Why did the Tories want him, he asked simply, if they expected those things from him which his religion would not allow?

He was no bigot nor persecutor. "That very honest man, the Duke of Berwick," writes the anonymous author of *Æneas and his Two Sons*, "has frequently declared that to his certain knowledge his brother sincerely abhorred the thoughts of persecuting heretics, though at the same time his conscience would never suffer him to countenance or give them any

<sup>1</sup> *Stuart Papers*, ap. Mahon.

<sup>2</sup> "I conversed among very few of the Roman Catholics themselves who did not think him too much of a Papist." "He has all the superstition of a Capuchin, but I found in him no tincture of the religion of a prince." (Bolingbroke to Windham.) (Qy.—What was the religion of a prince, as Bolingbroke would have defined it?)

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encouragement to continue their heresies. He thought it better to leave them to their own consciences and the arguments of the Catholic clergy than to force them to an insincere conformity. He perceived very well the rock upon which his poor father had split, and, therefore, if ever it should please God to restore him, he was determined to observe a strict neutrality in all religious disputes that might happen among his subjects." An anonymous writer is not infallible authority, but these statements are borne out by James' own letters and by statements of incontestable veracity.

Berwick, still the King's first counsellor and best friend, weary of the tergiversation of Harley and Bolingbroke and Queen Anne's nervous reluctance to act, suggested a dramatic *coup d'état*, which has furnished Thackeray with a series of brilliant but wholly fictitious scenes. He wanted the King to be presented suddenly by his sister to the Parliament, and to leave the result to natural affection and national justice. His methods were always soldier-like, plain, and direct. A very Bayard he stands out in his incorruptible purity and loyalty, his stout simplicity, from among the crowd of traitors and self-interested plotters who surrounded both the Queen at Kensington and the King at Bar.

On August 1, 1714, Anne died, and the Elector of Hanover was proclaimed, though nine out of ten of the nation were for James, and hated the foreign ruler. The Tories went out and the Whigs came in. Bolingbroke rushed over to France "with the sting of a Bill of Attainder tingling in his veins." James, who had hastened to Paris on his sister's death, but was speedily sent back to Lorraine, received Bolingbroke at the Prince Vaudemont's house at Commercy, and presented him with seals of office. Bolingbroke returned to Paris to act openly for James, and to betray him secretly to Lord Stair, the English Ambassador.

England and Scotland were in a fever of Jacobitism. King James' health was toasted everywhere with enthusiasm. Oak branches were worn on Restoration Day, white roses on his birthday, June 10. "Come over and help us—break the foreign yoke from our necks," cried the nation from Oxford to the Highlands. But Berwick counselled prudence. What availed irresponsible undergraduates and squires drinking ever so liberally and shouting ever so loudly, while army and exchequer were held by the Elector? He thought nothing of all the noise. Where were the troops and the money?

James' cause was taken up enthusiastically by a queer little shady coterie of women in Paris, one of whom has served Thackeray for the model of "Queen Oglethorpe," though there is not the slightest hint in Bolingbroke's or Atterbury's letters, or in the memoirs of Dangeau and St. Simon, of any tender bond between her and the young King.

"Here [in Paris] I found a multitude at work," says Bolingbroke. . . . "Hardly one would lose the air of contributing to a restoration by his own intrigues. Care and hope sat on every busy Irish face. No sex was excluded from this ministry. Fanny Oglethorpe, whom you may remember in England, has a corner in it, and Olive Trant is the great wheel of the machine."<sup>1</sup>

Olive Trant was the acknowledged mistress of the Duke of Orleans. Shortly before the death of Queen Anne, she had brought to the Duke from England a woman, unnamed in that place, but who, from the context, answers to that of Fanny Oglethorpe. A letter of contemporary date<sup>2</sup> mentions a Miss Oglethorpe as the High Treasurer's (Harley's) mistress. The nameless one was placed by the Duke in the charge of an "antient gentlewoman," Mdlle. de Chausseraye, formerly a lady-in-waiting to Madame,<sup>3</sup> who had left the Court in 1688, pensioned by the King, to live with a female friend (Olive Trant) in a little house near "Madrid," in the Bois de Boulogne.<sup>4</sup> She was so renowned for her intrigues, political and other, that she was called the Sibyl of the Bois de Boulogne: a big, handsome, masculine creature, with a simple, insinuating air. During the Regency she had her finger in every pie; in the King of England's pie in particular; being a great friend of the Regent's.

Her little house in the Bois, conducted under the auspices of the Duke of Orleans, is beyond doubt misrepresented by Thackeray as the *petite maison* at Chaillot to which James retired from time to time.<sup>5</sup> These ladies of the "little house at Madrid" are never once mentioned in connection with James, except as political agents, "his female Ministers;" the two being assisted by the Abbé de Tesieu.

<sup>1</sup> Bolingbroke's Letter to Sir William Windham.

<sup>2</sup> Macpherson.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 144. Also Dangeau, *Journal*, xiv. 320.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* p. 173.

<sup>5</sup> When he went to Chaillot, he stayed at the house of his counsellor there, the Duc de Lauzun.

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A Miss Oglethorpe is mentioned by Dangeau in his journal, on February 16, 1715, when he hears that the king—that is, actually, the Regent of Orleans—had, some time ago, given her a pension of 2,000 francs. She had become a Catholic and was sister to the Marquise de Mezières. She married, December 2, 1719, the Marquis des Marches, bringing him a dowry of 800,000 livres.

The sole discoverable hint of irregularity against James is to be found in the letter of a Hanoverian spy,<sup>1</sup> written from Lunéville, June 5, 1714. It must be remembered that such correspondents were on the eager look-out for any such shortcomings, and might even quite sincerely take an innocent flirtation or friendship for an intrigue, seeing how contemporary princes amused themselves quite as matter of course. He describes the King, while taking the waters at Plombières, as "pensive; that indeed is his ordinary humour. Mr. Floyd, who has been here these five days at the Court of His Royal Highness, told a mistress he has here that when he leaves her now, he will take his leave of her perhaps for the last time."

The Duke of Ormond came next to Paris, flying also before a charge of high treason. He declared that unless France would help, a rising in favour of King James must end in disaster; though Scottish and English Jacobites were crying and complaining, blaming James for indolence and taunting him with not daring to risk his person among them. In vain Berwick, too, represented that he had neither friend nor ally to help him; that France was ruined and powerless; that princes will not meddle in each other's concerns unless they expect to gain some advantage for themselves. Europe had been engaged for twenty-six years in a ruinous and bloody war. The King could count on his subjects alone for his restoration. Let him see truly and clearly what was to be expected from *them*.

Then the fatal blow fell. On August 1, Louis XIV. died, and the Duke of Orleans became Regent. His sympathies were with the House of Hanover, and he forbade Berwick as a naturalized French subject and Marshal of France to take up arms in his brother's cause.

The party had now no general on whom it could depend, or whom it would unanimously trust, but the flames of loyalty had already blazed too high for guidance or quenching. On September 16, 1715, the Earl of Mar raised the standard] of

<sup>1</sup> Macpherson, *Hanover Papers*.

King James at Braemar. It was the worst managed campaign that ever was planned. It was rather a chaos of forlorn hopes, almost independent of one another. There was no real leader, no unity. The King, wild to sail again for his kingdom, was kept at Bar by his advisers, who assured him of the futility of an expedition unless the Regent could be persuaded to help. When, in the middle of November, news came of the doubtful battle of Sheriff-Muir and the disastrous defeat of Preston, James would be held back no longer. It was just possible that his presence, even without Berwick, might draw together his decimated and dispersed adherents to a strong rally which would save them from the utter annihilation that threatened. He made his way, disguised, through France, accompanied by his nephew, the Marquis of Tynemouth, Berwick's son. With much difficulty they got on board of a vessel secretly prepared at Dunkirk by Bolingbroke, and landed at Peterhead on December 22.

He presented himself to his subjects in a state of depression that he was quite unable to shake off; a different being altogether from the eager knight-errant of six and a half years ago. There was enough, and to spare, to account for his dejection. He was physically ill to begin with. Ten months later he underwent a serious operation at the hands of Louis XIV.'s surgeon.<sup>1</sup> With weak lungs, he had been exposed to the inclemency of a sea-board December while hiding in Brittany, and he arrived in his ancient kingdom at a season when its beauties were veiled in mist; upon the east coast, swept with bitter wind and rain. Hundreds of his adherents were in prison, including their gallant leaders, Derwentwater, Kenmure, and Winton. He had no general, and hardly any money.

The hopeless religious difficulty came up. They would have crowned him at once at Scone, King of Scots, as Charles II. had been crowned, but that he was made of truer metal than his uncle, who so light-heartedly swore to the Covenant he never meant to keep. James refused to take the new coronation oath with its uncompromising Protestant provisions, so the coronation failed to come off. He knew how terrible an obstacle to his success his creed was in Scottish eyes, but he refused to compromise it by so much as listening to a Protestant grace. Confronted for the first time with Protestantism in its stronghold, stern and unbending as his own creed, he realized

<sup>1</sup> "La grande opération," Dangeau calls it: probably for stone. October, 1716.

the impossibility of being accepted as a conscientious Catholic ruler by a conscientious Protestant nation, and that the game was up. It did not need news of Argyll's approach to show it to him, though he would fain have met the enemy in the field and fought his quarrel manfully out. Only the urgent entreaties of his officers, to which at first he indignantly refused to listen, and their representations that his presence imperilled his people and increased the penalty they risked, prevailed with him to depart.<sup>1</sup> He slipped away secretly with Lord Mar, Lord Drummond, and some other gentlemen, on February 4, and landed safely at Gravelines; careful to leave behind him, addressed to the Duke of Argyll, a sum of money sufficient to reimburse the people who had suffered from the unavoidable devastations of his troops on their marches.<sup>2</sup>

He went directly to his mother at St. Germain's, hoping, in spite of all that had passed, that the Regent might still be induced to assist him. The Regent refused to see him, and he was ordered back to Bar. He also paid a secret visit to that little house at Madrid, where his "female ministers" resided;<sup>3</sup> hoping to appeal yet again to the obdurate Regent through Mdle. de Chausseray and Olive Trant. Then, convinced of Bolingbroke's unblushing treasons, he dismissed him and handed over his seals to Mar, who now became, in partnership with Bishop Atterbury, the King's Secretary of State.

Berwick was deeply annoyed at the dismissal of the one capable Englishman in the King's service. Bolingbroke's brilliance had so dazzled the simple soldier that his treason went unsuspected: treason frankly admitted by his confederate, Lord Stair, as if it were a joke or an amiable weakness. "Poor Harry" could never put a solemn enough face on his plotting. He got drunk and told his mistresses all the King's affairs, and spent money upon them which was intended for arms and ammunition.<sup>4</sup> Men and women could always get what they pleased out of "poor Harry," when he put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his magnificent brains, and truth and honour with them. Thanks to these indiscretions, the Hanoverian Government had been kept excellently well posted in the

<sup>1</sup> See *Lockhart Papers*, and Browne's *History of the Highland Clans*.

<sup>2</sup> See his letter in Browne's *History of the Highland Clans*.

<sup>3</sup> *Mémoires du Maréchal de Berwick*. Bolingbroke's Letter to Sir William Windham.

<sup>4</sup> Lord Stair to James Craggs.



Jacobite schemes, for all Bolingbroke's indignation at his dismissal and plaintive comparison of the King with Judas.

So the fighting days of the Chevalier de St. George came to an end: for in the abortive expedition of 1719, though he showed "the only energy in the whole business," according to Dangeau, he took no active share. From stormy sunrise and clouded noon, he passed into the twilight of exile, and the deeper gloom of misunderstanding: betrayed on all sides, but always unswervingly true to himself, his faith, and his duty: always an honourable and considerate gentleman, patient, just, and affectionate; sweet-tempered to the last, as when Mar knew him and praised him. But never the man to lead a forlorn hope, to defy the lightning and all that makes apparent impossibility: to compel fate by compelling a wild little handful of men to beat disciplined hosts by sheer force of his own spirit, and simply to astonish them into forbearing to overwhelm him. Sweet reasonableness will not make up for lack of physical vigour when brute force must be met and conquered. He never had the bright confidence, the vigorous persistence, which came of a robust constitution and made an all but victorious leader of his inexperienced, untutored son. James' character was an interesting, but, in his position, a fatal combination of the level-headed, practical Scot, who reckons up ways and means, and the languid, fatalistic Italian. Had he peacefully succeeded his father upon a steady throne, he would have proved the best and most paternal of kings. But he was too gentle and too wholly unselfish to persist in possessing himself of a throne by ousting an occupant preferred by his people; while he was too conscientious and single-eyed to help seeing that to reign a Catholic King over a Protestant people was a position hopelessly untenable. He would fain have set a crown upon his son's dear head, but for him there remained only the throne prepared for those who, with his great Patron, are able to drink of the cup of suffering and constancy: and the crown laid up for him who has fought a good fight and kept the faith.

A. SHIELD.



## *The Ember Days.*

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THE Church of the New Testament, which dates from the Day of Pentecost, ten days after the Ascension of our Blessed Lord, is the only lawful continuation of that body of men acknowledged by God as peculiarly His own.

Under the Old Dispensation, as well as under the New, we find ascetical observances, which tend to dispose the soul for the reception of grace, regulated by a lawful authority.

Many of the works of asceticism and devotion enjoined by the Church at the present day are substantially the same as those formerly in use in the Church of the Jews. The Psalter, for instance, which was the manual of the Temple and the Synagogue, became in its entirety the prayer-book of the Christian Church ; and many of the time-honoured observances of Jewish devotion still exist among Catholics, though under changed circumstances.

Indeed, it is very probable that the arrangements connected with Temple worship suggested many of the ritual practices with which we are familiar in the Liturgy of to-day.

A similar conservative spirit regulated the Church's distribution throughout the year of fast and festival. Thus the Pasch has become our Easter, Pentecost our Whitsuntide, and the Day of Atonement has developed into the fast of Lent.

Fasting held an important place among the ascetical observances of the Jews, for in addition to the prescribed annual fast on the Day of Atonement, many others became eventually customary, as may be gathered from the Books of the Old and New Testament.<sup>1</sup>

In the Christian Church fasts were also instituted, to keep before the minds of the faithful the absolute necessity of doing penance. Among these the Ember Days hold a prominent place. Indeed, on account of their antiquity, they may not

<sup>1</sup> Numbers xxx. 13; Joel i. 14; St. Matt. vi. 16; St. Matt. ix. 14; St. Luke xviii. 12, &c.

incorrectly be ranked in importance next to the holy fast of Lent.

Here again we seem to have a practice handed down from the Old Dispensation, for in the Prophecy of Zacharias a four-fold fast is thus indicated: "Thus saith the Lord of hosts: the fast of the fourth month, and the fast of the fifth, and the fast of the seventh, and the fast of the tenth, shall be to the house of Juda, joy, and gladness, and great solemnities."<sup>1</sup>

St. Jerome<sup>2</sup> gives statements of certain historical events which these fasts were intended to commemorate, and although they have no particular significance in the present observance of Ember Days, nevertheless the idea of instituting fasts similar to those mentioned by the Prophet, evidently suggested itself early in the history of Christianity.

The Latin title for the Ember fasts is *Jejunia quatuor temporum*, usually shortened to *quatuor tempora*. This title merely designates the occurrence of the fasts four times in the course of each year. A somewhat different form is given in the Leofric Missal,<sup>3</sup> where we find *Legitimum jejunium* as a heading to the Ember Masses. This is evidently in allusion to a term employed in the Book of Leviticus.<sup>4</sup>

The name used in most European languages for the Ember Days has been derived from the Latin *quatuor tempora*, either by translation, as *Quater tense* (sometimes used in English), and *Quatre-temps* in French; or by a corruption of the original, as the German *Quatember*, and the Dutch *Quatertemper*. Some writers think our English word *Ember* is due to a similar popular corruption of the Latin term; but others again, and these perhaps with more show of probability, identify it with an old English word *Ymber*, or *Ymbren*, which signified a circuit, hence a period, or revolution of time. Be this as it may, the opinion which connects the word with embers, in the sense of ashes, is wanting in authority.

Whatever may have been the origin of the Ember fasts, it is of interest to note that the Orientals do not observe them. According to some of the weightiest Christian authorities, they were instituted during the Apostolic age. The Roman Breviary, on October 14th, when speaking of the Acts of Pope St. Callistus (A.D. 221), says: "He confirmed the institution of the Ember

<sup>1</sup> Zach. viii. 19.

<sup>2</sup> In Zachariam viii.

<sup>3</sup> A missal used in the eleventh century.

<sup>4</sup> Levit. xxiii

fasts, the observance of which had been received by tradition from the Apostles."

One of the earliest passages relating to these same seasons is said to occur in a treatise of Philastrius, Bishop of Brescia, who lived in the middle of the fourth century. A more definite connection, however, between the Ember fasts and the four seasons is to be found in the Sermons of St. Leo the Great (A.D. 440). This holy Pontiff gives the contemporary Roman usage in the following words: "We observe the spring fast in Lent, the summer fast at Pentecost, the autumn fast in the seventh month, and the winter fast during the month which is styled the tenth."<sup>1</sup> Here we see clearly indicated the four seasons with corresponding Ember-tides, as observed in Rome during the fifth century.

The Roman custom, however, as to fixed times, was not universal. The fasts of the seventh and tenth months appear to have been generally kept as at present, but for many centuries, certainly as late as the eleventh, the spring fast was not everywhere fixed for the opening week of Lent; in some instances we read of its observance during the first week of the month of March.<sup>2</sup>

The summer fast was subject to a similar variation; the second week of June being the ordinary time of its observance. It was only after repeated decrees of such Councils as Placentia (A.D. 1095) and Clermont, that it was finally appointed to be kept, throughout the whole Church, during the octave of Pentecost.

From these later enactments of Councils, one is led to conclude, that in earlier ages, outside Rome at least, the four fasts were determined by civil, rather than by ecclesiastical calculation.

With regard to the fixed times for observing the Ember Days in England, some writers affirm that St. Gregory the Great regulated them; in any case, the English practice of the eighth century, as handed down by reliable authority, is probably an early proof of the Roman tradition.<sup>3</sup>

According to the present discipline of the Church, the Ember seasons are fixed for the Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday following (1) the first Sunday of Lent, (2) Whitsunday,

<sup>1</sup> Serm. xix. c. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* Gelasian Sacramentary; decrees of Council of Mayence, &c.

<sup>3</sup> Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, iii. 52.

(3) Holy Cross day, September 14th, (4) St. Lucy's day, December 13th, or as it is sometimes expressed, after the third Sunday of Advent. In order to impress these dates upon the mind, popular verses were composed; those quoted by Ferraris<sup>1</sup> are as follows, *Post Cin., post Pen., post Cru., post Lu.*, and obviously refer to the Latin designation of the respective days after which the Ember-tides are bound to occur.

The observance of Wednesday and Friday as days of penance dates back to the earliest days of Christianity. They were *station*, or fasting days, as Tertullian remarks,<sup>2</sup> on which it was customary to prolong the fast till the ninth hour (*i.e.*, three, p.m.). Wednesday and Friday were selected as fasts, because on those days respectively the betrayal of our Lord was planned, and His crucifixion accomplished. These two weekly fasts are, moreover, enjoined by the sixty-ninth of the Apostolical canons.

The Saturday fast was not of universal observance. According to early Eastern tradition, as embodied in the Apostolical canons and ancient writings, Saturday was always kept as a festal day in memory of the creation and the rest of God; only once in the year, the Vigil of Easter, was it to be a fast. The festal nature of the day is still preserved among the Orientals, even during the penitential time of Lent.

In the Latin Church the tradition has been the very contrary. Saturday was observed as a fast in Rome from the earliest ages. We infer from Tertullian<sup>3</sup> that this fast took its origin from a prolongation of that of Friday, in memory of our Lord's burial, and also as a mark of opposition to the Sabbath observance of the Jews. Then again, as early writers<sup>4</sup> suggest, each Sunday, or Lord's day, was in a sense a repetition of the feast of the Resurrection, and consequently, like Easter, required a vigil of preparation. Our Ember Saturday fast may therefore be considered as a surviving remnant of a once weekly custom strictly observed, except during the joyous season of Easter, in Rome and elsewhere. The Saturday abstinence, which is still of obligation in many countries, may be rightly considered as the remnant of a more rigorous law which existed in former times.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ferraris, tom. vii.

<sup>2</sup> *De jejuniis*. [Tertullian, third century.]

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* c. xiv.

<sup>4</sup> Victorinus, *De Fabr. mundi*.

<sup>5</sup> Saturday was observed as a day of abstinence in this country also until comparatively recent times.

And here it may be well to inquire into the intentions of the Church in the observance of Ember Days. At a very early period we find them regarded as occasions of dedicating the four seasons to Almighty God. To make this consecration more acceptable, special prayer, accompanied by fasting, was enjoined. This is evident from the following words of St. Leo in his second sermon on the fast of the tenth month, read at the Office of Matins on the third Sunday of Advent.

Admonished by a yearly pious custom, we, in our pastoral solicitude, urge upon you, dearest brethren, the strict observance of the December fast, during which we should worthily offer to God, the Giver of all good things, our sacrifice of abstinence for the safe ingathering of the fruits of the earth. And what can be more useful than fasting? That exercise by which we draw near to God, resist the devil and overcome the crafty enticements of sin. . . . Let us spend in good deeds what we take from indulgence. Let our fast become the feast of the poor. . . . We shall fast on Wednesday and Friday, and shall likewise keep vigil on Saturday, at St. Peter's Church, that by his powerful prayers we may the more effectually obtain what we ask, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, one God, world without end. Amen.

These concluding words, containing the notice of the fast and vigil, occur with slight variations at the end of almost all St. Leo's sermons for the Ember Days.

The thought of the consecration of the seasons is especially kept before the faithful in the passages from Holy Scripture, which are appointed to be read in the Saturday Mass of the summer and autumn Ember-tides.

Under the Old Dispensation, all first-fruits, as we know, were offered to God in recognition of His supreme dominion over creation. The Ember fasts continue this recognition under the New. In connection with this subject, Ferraris<sup>1</sup> gives a quaint reason for the number of fasts enjoined by the Church at these seasons. He says, that all the fasts taken together make up twelve fasting days; these correspond to the number of months in the year, and thus, as it were, the first day of each month is offered to God, in the same way as first-fruits formerly were. By this means the absolute dominion of Almighty God is acknowledged over the entire year. But we shall return to this subject again when speaking of the Ember-tide Liturgy.

Ferraris, tom. vii.

Besides the sanctification of the four seasons by works of penance, the Ember Days are observed for another intention, namely, the ordination of the clergy.

From early times it has been the custom of the Western Church to hold the general ordinations of the clergy on the Ember Saturdays. How this custom became established it is not easy to determine.

Judging from the ancient records of the early Popes, as we find them in the lessons of the Breviary, the ordination which took place in December would seem to have been the most important of all; indeed, the tenth month was apparently the only one when the Popes conferred Orders, except in extraordinary cases. The Saturday before Passion Sunday, called *Sitientes* from the first word of the Introit; and also the eve of Easter, are recognized days of ordination in ancient Pontificals, and are still so recognized in the Roman Pontifical of to-day.

The custom of selecting the Ember Saturdays for conferring Orders, was formally recognized in a Synod held in Rome under Pope Zachary (A.D. 741), but the practice is evidently much older.

St. Leo the Great (A.D. 459), lays it down as a principle, that *Sacred* Orders should not be conferred on any chance day, but after the night of Saturday has passed.<sup>1</sup> He then goes on to say, that those who confer Orders and those who receive them should be fasting, in accordance with the practice of the Apostles before imposing hands upon Paul and Barnabas.

St. Gelasius (A.D. 494) in one of his Epistles,<sup>2</sup> refers to the fixed times for ordination as, "the fasts of the fourth,<sup>3</sup> seventh, and tenth months, and at the beginning and in the middle of Lent, in the evening of the Saturday fast." The Gregorian Sacramentary is equally explicit, as is also an English Pontifical of the eighth century.<sup>4</sup>

The Roman Missal provides a special set of proper Masses for each Ember season, the structure of each set being almost exactly the same. As a heading to these Ember Masses, we have the *Station* notified. As the same Stations are repeated at each season, they claim particular attention.

<sup>1</sup> "Post diem sabbati ejusque noctis quæ in prima Sabbati lucescit. (Epist. ix. *Ad Diosc. Alex.*)

<sup>2</sup> *Ad Episc. Luc. et Brutt.* c. xi.

<sup>3</sup> By the fourth month, June is to be understood.

<sup>4</sup> Pontif. Edit. by Surtees Society.

The word *Station* has more than one meaning in liturgical language. We have already seen<sup>1</sup> that Tertullian uses it for a fasting day. In the present case, however, the word refers to an ancient custom of visiting processionally certain churches, often the tomb of a martyr, and there celebrating the Holy Mysteries. A place of meeting was determined on beforehand, where the people, clergy, and Pontiff assembled. A prayer was said, afterwards called the *Collect* from the gathering itself, and a procession was then formed, which made its way to the church selected for the stopping place. On account of the procession halting at this church for the celebration of Mass and other Offices, it received the name of Station. It may be noted, that in these processions the sacred vessels for the Mass of the Station were frequently borne by acolytes.

In this manner most of the more important churches of Rome were visited during seasons of solemnity. The Roman Missal still retains the names of the stational church as a heading to many of the proper Masses.

St. Gregory the Great is recorded to have regulated the Stations, but there is no doubt that the custom existed long before his time. In speaking of the Roman Stations, it may be remarked that several of the ancient practices connected with their observance are still maintained.

On the Wednesday of Ember week, the Station is held at St. Mary Major, often called St. Mary *ad præsepe*, from the relic of the holy manger kept there. On account of its size, and its situation in the centre of the city, this church would be most convenient for the numbers expected to assemble for the examination of candidates for Orders held that day.

The Church of the Holy Apostles, containing the bodies of SS. Philip and James, is assigned for the Friday station. This being the church second in importance dedicated to Apostles within the city walls, it was appropriate to visit it at such a time, in order to bring before the aspirants to the ministry these holy examples of zeal.

The large number of the faithful who would doubtless assist at the vigil, and the solemnity which attended the rite of ordination, made St. Peter's particularly fitting for the station of Saturday. In speaking, however, of the ordinations in this Basilica, one must bear in mind that only the Sovereign Pontiff was consecrated at the high altar. When the Pope ordained,

<sup>1</sup> See above.



the Mass was celebrated at the altar of St. Peter, but after the hymn of the Three Children, the Pontiff came down to the altar of St. Andrew, and there performed the ordination rite. Immediately afterwards he again returned to the high altar and proceeded with the Mass.<sup>1</sup> At the present day, the ordinations in Rome are held at the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

An ancient Roman ordo, quoted by Catalanus,<sup>2</sup> gives the following description of the supplications offered by clergy and people before proceeding with the ordination rite, which suggests the thought that our own custom of singing the Litany before the Bishop confers Holy Orders, may have originated with this Roman usage.

On the Wednesday of the fast, there is a gathering together of the people and the *regiones*<sup>3</sup> at the Church of St. Adrian. From thence the Pontiff sets out for St. Mary ad Præsepe, the people going before with crosses, censers, and tablets. At the approach of the Pontiff to the altar, the choir repeats the Litany. On Friday, the people are summoned with similar ceremonies to the Church of the Apostles; but on Saturday, the Pontiff and the whole of the *regiones* proceed to St. Peter's, chanting the Litany.

In connection with this subject, it may be remarked that St. Charles Borromeo recommends litanies in procession, as well as special prayers, on the Sunday before the Ember-tide ordinations. In some dioceses of Austria<sup>4</sup> a custom prevails of reciting the prayer "for all Orders in the Church" (*pro omni gradu ecclesiæ*) at all Masses which immediately precede ordination times, should the rubrics permit.

The structure of the Ember Masses varies in many respects from those commonly in use. The Wednesday service has the special characteristics belonging to scrutiny Masses. Wednesday was the usual day for the scrutiny or examination of catechumens before receiving the Sacrament of Baptism; and usually, when a scrutiny occurs, the Mass is provided with two Lessons. The Roman Missal furnishes us with examples of this rite on the Wednesday of the fourth week of Lent, and again on the Wednesday of Holy Week.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Martene, *De antiq. rit. Eccl.* lib. i. c. viii. art. iv.

<sup>2</sup> In *Pontif. Rom. comment.* vol. i.

<sup>3</sup> These were certain officials whose duty it was to assist at the Pontifical functions.

<sup>4</sup> *Vide* Director. Abbat. Raihrad. for 1896.

<sup>5</sup> On the second of these two days the station is also at St. Mary Major.

The origin of the two Lessons is not easy to determine, but they are apparently the remains of ancient custom. We are aware of the conservative spirit of the Church in preserving her liturgical formulas; consequently, it may be that a practice once general at all Masses has been limited to the few we are now considering. It is remarkable that two Lessons still survive in the Good Friday service, which, as is well known, preserves many vestiges of a more primitive form of the Liturgy. The Mozarabic and Ambrosian rites might also be quoted as examples of the same custom, since in both of these, two Lessons are daily read at Mass. The Dominicans preserve the same custom at Christmas.

Gavantus,<sup>1</sup> in explanation of this practice on Ember Wednesday, says the selection of the two Lessons from the Old Testament is intended to signify that those to be ordained should be conversant with the Law and the Prophets. This is evidently an interpretation *post factum*, but still it is not to be rejected.

Wednesday of Ember week, according to the Pontifical,<sup>2</sup> is the day appointed for assembling the *ordinandi* in the Cathedral city, for examination as to learning, fitness, &c.

According to Roman custom, now prevailing, candidates present themselves for examination at the Vicariate on Ember Wednesday. Martene quotes the acts of a local council, ordering the examination to be kept up during the three days previous to Saturday.<sup>3</sup>

But to return to the Wednesday Mass. An invitation to kneel is prefixed to the prayer which precedes the first Lesson. The Deacon sings, *Flectamus genua*—"Let us kneel down," and the Subdeacon, *Levate*—"Rise up." At the present time hardly any space is left between the two admonitions; originally, however, some moments were allowed for private prayer, the end of which was indicated by *Levate*. A Roman ordo, quoted by Martene,<sup>4</sup> prescribes a prayer with similar rites for Ember Saturday at the Church of the "Collect," before setting out for the Church of the "Station." There may have been a ceremony of the same kind on Wednesday also, which would account for the existence of the prayer in the Liturgy of that day.

<sup>1</sup> *Comment. in rubric. Miss. par. iv. tit. ii.*

<sup>2</sup> *Pontif. Rom. De Ord. Confer. ad init.*

<sup>3</sup> *De antiq. Eccl. rit. lib. i. c. viii. art. vi.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid. art. iv.*

The Saturday Mass differs considerably from those of either Wednesday or Friday;<sup>1</sup> it has several Lessons following the Introit. These, including the Epistle, number six. In former times there were yet more, so that frequently in old Missals and Service-books this particular day is entitled the "Saturday of twelve Lessons."<sup>2</sup>

This number of twelve would make the Lessons correspond to the number read in the service of Holy Saturday; and just as the latter were intended for the instruction of the Catechumens, so the former were read for the instruction of the Ordinandi.<sup>3</sup> It has been thought by some that there were no more than six Lessons, even in the original Ember Saturday service, these were repeated in Greek, and thus the number was increased to twelve; but this opinion is by no means probable.

Ordination, at least the conferring of *Sacred Orders*, always takes place during Mass. This custom is traced back to the words used in the Acts of the Apostles, where the laying on of hands was performed while "they ministered to the Lord." This "ministering to the Lord," is said to bear the interpretation of celebrating Mass.<sup>4</sup> According to the rite now in use, the Orders are thus distributed in connection with the opening portion of the Mass. The tonsure is given after the *Kyrie eleison*; the doorkeepers are ordained after the first Lesson; the readers after the second; the exorcists after the third; the acolytes after the fourth; the subdeacons after the fifth; the deacons after the Epistle; the priests before the last verse of the Tract which precedes the Gospel.<sup>5</sup>

The fifth Lesson of Ember Saturday is always taken from the Prophet Daniel,<sup>6</sup> and relates to the Three Children in the Fiery Furnace. It is followed by the Hymn of the Three Holy Children, and a prayer, which has reference to the same subject. Alcuin, in his work on the Divine Office, explains the reason for the reading of this Lesson, by saying, the ordained are thereby reminded that they too, like the Three Children, must be proved men. He further remarks that no genuflection is made before the prayer which follows this Lesson, in detestation of the command of King Nabuchodonosor to adore the image which he had set up.

<sup>1</sup> The Friday Mass has no rites which distinguish it from ordinary Masses.

<sup>2</sup> "Sabbato in xii. lect." *Vide Graduale Sarisburg.* Edit. 1894.

<sup>3</sup> Martene, *De rit. eccl.*

<sup>4</sup> "Ministrantibus autem illis Domino." (Acts xiii. *Vide Catalanus*, vol. i. p. 55.)

<sup>5</sup> *Pontif. Romanum.*

<sup>6</sup> Chap. iii.

On Pentecost Saturday, one verse only of the Hymn of the Three Children is said, owing to the insertion of the *Gloria in excelsis* in place of the entire hymn. On this same day, the *Alleluia* frequently occurs, and no genuflections are made before the prayers, as the Paschal rite of not kneeling still prevails. With regard to the latter point it may be remarked, that it has been the custom of the Church from the earliest ages to maintain the standing posture during liturgical prayer at Easter-time in honour of our Lord's Resurrection. The same rite is observed every Sunday, as that day is considered to be a weekly commemoration of Easter.

The teaching conveyed by the Ember Masses varies according to the spirit of the season in which they occur. Before proceeding further, however, with this subject, we may remark, that at the present day the ferial or week-day Masses for Easter-tide are seldom said in ordinary churches, as most of these days, except the octave of Pentecost, are occupied with feasts of saints. In cases where the ferial Mass is impeded by a feast, a commemoration of the feria is made in the festal Mass, and the ferial Gospel is read at the end. In churches, however, where the Divine Office is carried out in its entirety, two conventual Masses are celebrated, one of the feast after the canonical hour of Tierce, and another of the feria after the office of None.<sup>1</sup> But when a Bishop holds an ordination on an Ember Day, it must always take place during the ferial Mass, even should a feast be kept on that day.<sup>2</sup>

The Advent Ember Masses refer to the Incarnation. On the Wednesday of that season, St. Luke's account of the Annunciation is read; in fact the Office of the day has the appearance of a feast in honour of that great mystery. Martene gives many interesting ceremonies which grew up during the middle ages in connection with the reading of the Gospel of the Annunciation at Matins on this day.<sup>3</sup> Bells were rung, lights and incense used, and the celebrant wore a white cope. Feasts falling on that day were transferred, and the prayers were said standing as on festivals. In monasteries, the Abbot delivered a sermon to his monks in the chapter-house; and it

<sup>1</sup> This practice is observed in some few of the monastic churches in England and Scotland.

<sup>2</sup> S. Congr. Rites, July 11, 1739.

<sup>3</sup> According to the monastic rite, the full Gospel of the day is read at Matins on feasts.

was on such occasions as these, that St. Bernard preached his famous sermons, *Super missus est*.<sup>1</sup>

The Ember Friday of Advent has for its Gospel the account of our Lady's Visitation; this follows as a natural sequence to the Gospel of the previous Wednesday.

Saturday of this week introduces us to a curious feature in the liturgy of the Ember fasts, namely, the repetition of the Gospel of Saturday in the Mass of the following Sunday. This is owing to the fact that formerly no proper Masses were provided for the Sundays immediately following the Ember Days. It may be explained in this way: it was the primitive custom for the ordination to be held during the vigil which closed the Saturday fast, just as Baptism was administered during the great vigil of Holy Saturday. The ceremonies began in the evening, and Sunday morning arrived before this prolonged vigil ended.<sup>2</sup>

When this severe discipline was relaxed, and the ordination Mass was anticipated on Saturday, the custom was introduced of repeating the Gospel of the vigil on the following Sunday, which hitherto had had no proper Mass assigned.<sup>3</sup> Hence on the Fourth Sunday of Advent, and on the Second Sunday of Lent, the Gospel is the same as that of the Saturday preceding. In many old Missals, Sundays such as these are designated "vacant."

In the Mass of the Fourth Sunday of Advent, the Epistle strikes one as being remarkably appropriate, when taken in connection with the ordinations of the previous day. It commences with the words: "Brethren, let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God."<sup>4</sup>

Next in order come the Ember Days of spring, which now coincide with the season of Lent. On account of this coincidence, they do not seem to share in that prominence which belongs to the other three Ember-tides. The liturgical services, however, retain their peculiarities.

The two Lessons of Wednesday refer to the fasting of Moses and Elias, typical of our Lord's own fast.

The Transfiguration Gospel of Saturday is repeated again

<sup>1</sup> See *Liturgical Year*, Advent.

<sup>2</sup> The celebration of Mass concluded the "Night Watch."

<sup>3</sup> This custom became law in the tenth or eleventh century, vide *Liturgical Year*.

<sup>4</sup> 1 Cor. iv.

on Sunday. The application of this Gospel to the newly ordained priests is carefully drawn out by liturgists. The priests, like the Apostles, have been taken up to the high mountain apart, and have entered into the cloud of Divine mysteries. In the silence of the Canon, our Lord will come down into their hands, and although they are sinners and mortal men, nevertheless they will hold this daily communion with God upon the holy mountain of the altar.<sup>1</sup>

With regard to the summer fast, St. Leo's sermons testify that, in Rome at least, it was observed during the feast of Pentecost. In one of the sermons for this season,<sup>2</sup> he gives as one reason for its observance, the necessity of expiating any want of self-restraint in the observance of the Easter festival.

This fast is especially appropriate at a time of ordination, coming as it does during the octave of the Holy Ghost, who manifests His presence and power especially in the Sacrament of Orders.

As to the structure of the Ember Masses of Whitsuntide, there are features which distinguish them from those of the other three seasons. This variation is apparently due to the existence in former times of two separate sets of Masses, one for the octave and one for the fast.<sup>3</sup> The difficulty which ensued when the two sets concurred, ended in a compromise, by which the festal character predominates, but certain forms peculiar to Ember-tide, such as Lessons and prayers, have been retained. Owing to Paschal-time not having expired, there are no Graduals, but frequent *Alleluias*; the dalmatic and tunicle are worn, and red is the colour instead of the penitential purple. The Masses, however, according to the fasting rite, are celebrated after the canonical hour of None.

Before leaving our notice of the Pentecost Ember Days, a remark seems necessary explanatory of the Lessons used at the Saturday Mass.

By means of special passages from the Old Testament, read on this particular day, the Church evidently wishes to carry back the minds of the faithful to certain rites observed in Jewish worship.

During the festival of the Jewish Pasch, on the 16th day of the month Nisan, it was ordered that the first sheaf of the harvest should be brought to the priest, and waved before the

<sup>1</sup> See *Liturgical Year*, Lent.

<sup>2</sup> *De Jejun. Pent. I.*

<sup>3</sup> *Vide* Introduction, Grad. Sarisburg. Edit. 1894.

Lord in acknowledgment of the gift of fruitfulness.<sup>1</sup> Josephus tells us that this sheaf was of barley, and no harvest work was to be commenced until after this ceremony had been performed. Seven weeks later, at the feast of Pentecost, an oblation was to be made of two loaves of leavened bread made from the new flour; these were also to be waved before God.<sup>2</sup>

The first-fruits of the land were moreover to be brought in a basket to the holy place of God's choice, and there presented to the priest, who set the basket down before the altar.<sup>3</sup> All this was done to acknowledge God's blessings to men, and to express thankfulness.

These ceremonies of the Old Law are described in the second, third, and fourth Lessons of the Saturday Mass; and it is remarkable that only after these three Lessons do the prayers contain a reference to the bodily fast.

From the selection of these particular passages of Holy Scripture on Ember Saturday of Whitsuntide, it is evidently the intention of the Church to impress the minds of her children on the last day of the Paschal and Pentecostal feasts, with gratitude for the first-fruits which they also enjoy.

The Sunday which follows this day was, as usual, a vacant one; and consequently the Mass of Whitsuntide had to be repeated,<sup>4</sup> until in later times the celebration of a Mass in honour of the Blessed Trinity gave rise to the institution of a new feast on this octave-day of Pentecost.<sup>5</sup>

The fourth set of liturgical services for Ember Days has now to be noticed. The proper Masses for the fast of the seventh month occur in the Roman Missal immediately after the Mass of the Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost, though they do not always fall at that particular date.

The Lessons on Wednesday are taken from the Prophets Amos and Esdras, and contain references to feasting on the fruits of the field and the vineyard. Friday, with its allusion

<sup>1</sup> Levit. xxiii. The rite of waving was inseparable from that of raising expressed in the Vulgate. On this point see art. "wave-offering," Smith's *Dictionary of Bible*; also Dr. Edersheim's *Temple*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup> Deut. xxvi.

<sup>4</sup> *Vide* Introduction to Grad. Sarisburg. Edit, 1894. The existence of a proper Mass for the First Sunday after Pentecost may have been brought about by moving the whole series of Masses for Sundays after Pentecost. In any case a Mass would be required for the week-days falling after the octave, as also for those churches where the Ember Days did not always fall within the Pentecost octave.

<sup>5</sup> *Liturgical Year*.



to "living on wheat" and "blossoming as the vine," introduces us to the more clearly expressed liturgy of the following day. To understand the full meaning of the Mass of this particular Ember Saturday, we must refer again to a Jewish festival, which, to a certain extent, is perpetuated in the service of this day.

The feast of Tabernacles was celebrated in memory of the children of Israel dwelling in tents during their sojourn in the wilderness. The feast was solemnized at that time of year which corresponds to our month of September, when all the fruits of the earth had been gathered in; hence in the Book of Exodus<sup>1</sup> it is called the feast of the *ingathering*, and was celebrated with an octave.

Our September Ember Days, therefore, more especially the Saturday, may be rightly termed the "harvest thanksgiving" of the Catholic Church. We hear of many attempts on the part of well-meaning persons to establish what they call a "harvest festival," but here is one already to hand, bearing the impress of the greatest antiquity.

It has been remarked before, that the Church joins fasting to prayer, in order to make the offering of our thankfulness more pleasing to God. The Jews had a similar custom at this very season, for they observed the fast of the Day of Atonement before celebrating the feast of Tabernacles; and it is curious to note that the Church has preserved the memory of this practice also in the first Lesson of the Saturday Mass.

Following this Ember-tide, we have again in ancient Missals the vacant Sunday. In connection with this fact, it is worthy of note that on the eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost, the consecutive order of the Epistles is broken in upon for the first time. These begin on the sixth Sunday, with the Epistle to the Romans, and go on in order to the Epistle to the Ephesians, which is read on the seventeenth Sunday. The eighteenth Sunday, not having originally a proper Mass, has a portion of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians. The old order is resumed again on the nineteenth Sunday.

It is true the eighteenth Sunday does not always follow immediately after the Ember Days, but when it does so happen, its Mass contains most appropriate allusions to the recent ordinations.<sup>2</sup> The words of the Introit: "Give peace, O Lord,

<sup>1</sup> Exodus xxiii. 16.

<sup>2</sup> See *Liturgical Year*. The September ordination is not usually so numerously attended as those held at the other three seasons.

to them that wait for Thee, that Thy *Prophets* may be found faithful," have a special meaning when applied to the newly ordained, as also have the words of St. Paul on grace, read in the Epistle. The Gospel on the curing of the man sick of the palsy contains a striking lesson on the power of priestly absolution. During the middle ages, in some churches the Gospel chosen was that wherein our Lord speaks of the Scribes and Pharisees as seated on the Chair of Moses, another figure of the authority of the priesthood. The Offertory of this Sunday refers to the priestly office of sacrifice: "Moses hallowed an altar to the Lord, offering upon it holocausts, and sacrificing victims."

In concluding these notes upon the Liturgy of Ember-tide, it may be remarked, that at all the seasons, with the exception of Pentecost, the Lenten rites are observed at Mass. Purple is the colour of the vestments, the sacred ministers wear the folded chasubles, the kneeling posture is maintained at the prayers and during the Canon by those who assist, and lastly the organ is not played for interludes.<sup>1</sup>

To draw a practical conclusion from what has been said concerning Ember Days, apart from the antiquity of their institution, two points strike us as being worthy of special interest; these are, (1) the consecration of the four seasons to God; (2) the ordination of the clergy.

With regard to the first; gratitude for God's gifts is a leading feature in each of the four fasts, for gratitude is the best means of drawing down His future blessings in the preservation of the fruits of the earth. As to the second point; the importance of the periodical ordinations of the clergy cannot be overrated.<sup>2</sup> All good Catholics must needs feel an interest in the future priests of the Church, for ordination not only confers an immense privilege on those who are ordained, but also affects the salvation of those souls, who are hereafter to be entrusted to their care.

The recurrence of the Ember Days should, therefore, remind all to pray: (1) for vocations to the priesthood, that God would send fit labourers for reaping the harvest; (2) that those about to be ordained may be filled with the true spirit of their

<sup>1</sup> *Vide*. Martinucci, vol. vi.

<sup>2</sup> For a further development of this subject, see Father Bridgett's interesting treatise, *Reapers for the Harvest*. (Catholic Truth Society.)

high calling ; (3) for the success of the labours of the Bishops and clergy, both secular and regular, as also for their welfare.

To obtain these blessings from God, the fast, which is of strict obligation on the Ember Days, should be offered. The value of fasting as a penitential exercise is too well known to need explanation here, but it may be remarked that when it is practised in obedience to the Church, its efficacy is increased a hundred-fold. By those not able to fast, other good works are usually substituted.

Prayer and fasting, therefore, are joined together, after the example of the Apostles, who "fasting and praying, and imposing their hands upon them, sent them away."<sup>1</sup>

We have seen from the writings of St. Leo, how assiduously the night-watch at Ember-tide was kept up in his day ; although this rigorous exercise is now no longer expected from the faithful, the duty of prayer still remains.

We may sum up what has already been said by stating that the three good works styled *eminent*, are inculcated upon us at the Ember seasons. *Prayer* and *fasting* hold a prominent place ; St. Leo, who said so much on Ember Days, adds *almsgiving* : "let us spend in good deeds," he says, "what we take from indulgence."

No better time than the Ember Days could be chosen to lay aside, or offer, an alms towards the support of seminaries and other institutions for the training of candidates for the priesthood ; or for an object which is equally important, the maintenance of the clergy in general.

To carry out with success these intentions of the Church at Ember-tide, no new confraternity need be established ; all that is required is a full appreciation of the spirit of the Church as manifested in her Liturgy and observances, when these seasons come round.

The test of true love for our Lord, as His own words tell, is obedience to His will. We may apply to the Church, His representative, and her ordinances, this same test of true love, which He Himself has given : "If you love Me, keep My commandments."

DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O.S.B.

<sup>1</sup> Acts xiii.

<sup>2</sup> St. John xiv. 15.

### *The Mass Book of St. Gregory the Great.*<sup>1</sup>

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THERE has lately been published, with the imprint of the Cambridge University Press, an edition of a Manuscript of Corpus Christi College, which, if all that is claimed for it can be substantiated, may fairly be regarded as one of the most important liturgical texts now in existence. The editor, Mr. Martin Rule, a convert already known to students of history by his *Life of St. Anselm* and by an edition of Eadmer contributed to the Rolls Series, has devoted to the task of unravelling the secrets of this volume some ten or twelve years of almost continuous study. As the final outcome of his minute and laborious researches, he pronounces the manuscript in question to be nothing less than an accurate copy of a missal sent over by Pope Gregory the Great to St. Augustine, the Apostle of England. More than that, he believes he can show that this missal—the prototype, that is, of the one now preserved at Cambridge—was a codex used by St. Gregory as his own “working copy,” and embodied corrections and modifications of the Gregorian liturgy which have not been preserved to us through any other channel. Assuredly these are startling conclusions, and of the very highest interest for the liturgiologists who have so long and wearily debated what was the precise nature of St. Gregory’s revision. Mr. Rule, who appreciates, we must suppose, the full significance of his discovery, will not be surprised if his arguments and methods are very rigorously scrutinized. On the other hand, if the work endure the scrutiny, his achievement must rank among the very highest triumphs of palæographic sagacity, and he will deserve, like a second

<sup>1</sup> *The Missal of St. Augustine’s Abbey, Canterbury.* Edited by Martin Rule, M.A. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1896.

*Quellen und Forschungen zur Geschichte und Kunstgeschichte des Missale Romanum im Mittelalter, Iter Italicum.* Von Dr. Adalbert Ebner. Freiburg: Herder, 1896.

*The Missal of Robert of Jumièges.* Edited by H. A. Wilson, M.A. London: Henry Bradshaw Society, 1896.

De Rossi, to be remembered with gratitude for long years to come by all students of early Christian history.

Without further preamble, let us attempt to give some slight sketch of the contents of the Introduction of 184 pages, in which Mr. Rule, not always, it must be confessed, with entire lucidity, states and defends his conclusions. It will be more convenient, perhaps, to follow the order of exposition which the editor himself has adopted, although we learn from him that this does not exactly correspond to the order in which the Missal "yielded up its several items of evidence."

The MS. C. C. C. C. 270, though clearly and carefully written, does not present externally any very remarkable features which would suggest that it is of special importance. It is a Gregorian service-book of late eleventh or early twelfth century, which might better deserve perhaps the name of Sacramentary than Missal, if it were not that the first words of the corresponding proper of the Antiphonary are indicated at the beginning of each Mass, and that the numerous Prefaces originally inserted between the Secret and Postcommunion have been erased, while the full suite of Introit, Gradual, &c., with indication of Epistle and Gospel, has been written over the erasure in a later hand. There is nothing, in fact, about the codex to distinguish it in any conspicuous way from a number of similar liturgical books of equally early date described in Dr. Ebner's recent work upon the libraries of Italy. Mr. Martin Rule's attention seems first to have been drawn to this MS. by a peculiarity occurring in the Mass of St. Elfege. In the Secret of a set of prayers for this festival, which, as far as we know, are peculiar to the Corpus Missal,<sup>1</sup> a portion of the prayer was written by the original scribe in this form: *Ut interventu archipresulis et meritis Alfegi*. The *meritis* has been corrected by a later hand to *martiris*, and Mr. Rule, knowing that Lanfranc at one time had doubts about St. Elfege's claim to be called martyr, draws the conclusion that the original reading of this Canterbury book represents an emendation of the Mass made by the Archbishop's own hand—afterwards accidentally overlooked when, on his having his scruples set at rest by St. Anselm, then Abbot of Bec, he allowed the word martyr to stand undisturbed in the corresponding Preface and Postcommunion. Mr. Rule's studies

<sup>1</sup> There is a Mass of St. Elfege in the Sarum Missal, another in the Westminster Missal edited for the Henry Bradshaw Society, and another again in MS. Vitell. A. xviii., but the Mass of St. Elfege in the Corpus book differs from all these.

upon the Life of St. Anselm having led him to take an interest in this page of the Corpus Missal, he was induced to examine it more closely, and he then became aware that the codex had not been, as was commonly supposed, transcribed for the monks of Christ Church, Canterbury, but was beyond all question one of the service-books belonging to the neighbouring Abbey of St. Augustine, outside the walls of the city. Now with regard to this monastery, in which St. Augustine himself lay buried, a constant tradition affirmed that it was the depository in the middle ages of many precious volumes given to the missionary by St. Gregory the Great, and sent from Rome to him in England. Even after the ravages of time and a destructive fire which broke out in 1168, the Abbey still claimed to be in possession of several such volumes, volumes which Thomas of Elmham not inappropriately calls *primitiæ librorum ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*. This chronicler, who wrote in the fifteenth century, gives a list of these *libri missi a Gregorio ad Augustinum*. He tells us that they were kept in his day on a ledge behind the high altar, and a pre-Reformation drawing of the altar, since reproduced in Dugdale's *Monasticon* and elsewhere, clearly shows both the shelf and the books placed upon it among the relics, labelling them conspicuously, *Libri missi a Sto. Grego. ad Augustin.* What is more, Leland, who was in some sense a competent authority, upon examining the books, apparently had no doubt of their authenticity, and it seems highly probable that one volume at least of the collection is preserved even to our day in the same College library at Cambridge, to which the Missal belongs which is the subject of this article. In the style of the writing and in the character of the contents there is nothing, so experts assure us, which need exclude the supposition that the Corpus MS. of the Gospels was really written in Rome at the end of the sixth century. It is true that the list of these Gregorian books drawn up by Elmham contains no mention of a Missal, but the accidents of time and the fire of 1168 would easily account for the disappearance of one or more volumes of the collection before the chronicler wrote his description in the first years of the fifteenth century.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is curious to our thinking that this evidence about St. Gregory's books at Canterbury, as preserved by Thomas of Elmham and others, is not even alluded to, if we mistake not, in Mr. Rule's long Introduction. He cannot of course be ignorant of it, indeed it forms the backbone of his case, but he has taken it all for granted. Further, as we wish to do full justice to the argument, it may be well to set before the reader the following well-known passage of Bede, which Mr. Rule himself neglects

And here, so Mr. Rule assures us, a bit of positive evidence comes in which places beyond all doubt the existence in England at an early date of copies of St. Gregory's own Missal and Antiphonary in this very Abbey of St. Augustine's. Archbishop Egbert of York, the friend and disciple of Venerable Bede, himself paid a visit to Canterbury and examined the books somewhere before the middle of the eighth century. He has left a reference to this visit, we are told, in a tractate still extant, and he uses language which implies the existence of more than one copy, and of special modifications made in the text by St. Gregory to suit the requirements of the English Church.

Assuming, then, that these precious volumes were still preserved and treasured when the monk who wrote our existing codex set about his task in the year 1099, what could antecedently be more probable than that in all those portions of the Missal which existed in Gregory's time, he should copy with extreme care what he found in St. Gregory's own text. That he was a monk who valued accuracy the small number of *errata* sufficiently attests, and when we find that this St. Augustine's Missal contains a remarkable proportion of unrecorded readings, readings which might on independent grounds be presumed with high probability to have been contained in St. Gregory's original redaction, we are confirmed in the belief that the copyist had before him an exemplar of quite exceptional value. What is more, in the titles which are written in red ink at the head of the different Masses, Mr. Rule has detected a notable peculiarity. He is struck by the uniformity with which these rubrics exhibit, with explainable exceptions, a genitive case heading for the primitive masses anterior to St. Gregory, e.g., *Sancti Calixti Papæ et Martyris, Sanctorum Marci et Marcellini, &c.*, whereas in other masses which must *aliunde* be regarded as later additions this rule is not observable, but we are confronted with many such rubrications as *De*

to quote: "Moreover, the same Pope Gregory, hearing from Bishop Augustine that he had a great harvest, and but few labourers, sent to him, together with his aforesaid messengers, several fellow-labourers and ministers of the word, of whom the first and principal were Mellitus, Justus, Paulinus, and Rufinianus, and by them all things in general that were necessary for the worship and service of the church, viz., sacred vessels and vestments for the altars, also ornaments for the churches, and vestments for the priests and clerks, as likewise relics of the holy apostles and martyrs: besides many books (*necnon et codices plurimos*)."

(Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica*, Giles' translation, bk. i. c. 29.)



*Sancto Augustino Episcopo, De Sancto Gregorio Papa, De Sancto Cuthberto Episcopo*, feasts which certainly had never been reduced to the level of mere commemorations, and in which there seems no sufficient reason to explain the change of title. Moreover, in investigating the exceptions to this law, Mr. Rule believes that he has come across evidence that his Missal must have assigned the Mass for St. Michael's feast to September 30th, instead of September 29th,—a very striking fact when it is remembered that the only authority for the feast of St. Michael which can be reasonably considered to go back to St. Gregory's own age, we mean the unique MS. of the Leonine Sacramentary, assigns the festival to *Pridie Kalendas Octobris*, i.e., this same day, the 30th of September.

Pursuing his investigation further, Mr. Rule next devotes a considerable amount of space to a discussion of the textual peculiarities of the Missal he is elucidating. As compared with the representative MSS. edited by Da Rocca, Ménard, Pamelius, and Muratori, he finds that the readings of the Corpus Missal exhibit a marked superiority, that the wording of these variants, when tested by comparison with the language of St. Gregory's *Moralia*, and with the alterations which the Pope is believed to have made in the prayers of pre-existing Sacramentaries, betrays a distinctly Gregorian tone, and proves the codex or codices transmitted to St. Augustine to have represented a later and perfected revision of that earlier redaction of St. Gregory's, which has hitherto alone been known to us.

To take one or two instances. In the *Communicantes* for Ascension Day the Leonine Sacramentary reads: "Filius tuus unitum sibi hominem nostræ substantiæ in gloriæ tuæ dextera collocavit." This we find in the printed missals altered (presumably by St. Gregory) into "Filius tuus unitam sibi fragilitatis nostræ substantiam in gloriæ tuæ dextera collocavit," but, as seen in the Corpus text, upon a second and more careful revision, St. Gregory, so Mr. Rule believes, transposed the position of the *nostræ* and the *fragilitatis*, and gave us the still more harmonious reading, "unitam sibi nostræ fragilitatis substantiam," &c. Or again in the Preface for Maundy Thursday, where the Gelasian Sacramentary reads, "ut (Judam) saginatum cibo major pæna constringeret, quem nec sub præmio pietas ab scelere revocaret," and the hitherto known editions of the Gregorian, are agreed in giving for the second clause, "quem nec sacрати cibi collatio," instead of the "sub præmio pietas," the

Cambridge MS. in some sense combines the two and reads, "ut saginatum cibo major pœna constringeret quem nec sacrați cibi collatio nec superna pietas ab scelere revocaret."

In the course of his minute and painstaking collation of the Corpus text with that of the primitive editions, Mr. Rule notes two peculiarities, both of which seem to lend support to his theory already stated, that the copyist had before him an ancient and authoritative codex whence he transcribed the more primitive portions of the Mass Book. The first is that while in this older part of the Missal the readings are almost invariably good and free from palpable errors, the same is by no means true of those Masses which we know must necessarily be of later date. Secondly, the editor remarks that in the Collects the Corpus Missal affords very few new readings, a fact which he thinks is accounted for by the great care devoted by St. Gregory to the prayers which were also used in the Office. For this he cites the *Micrologus*, chs. xxxi. and lxi. On the other hand, the Secrets, Prefaces, and Postcommunions, having been less carefully elaborated by the Pontiff, yielded a much more plentiful crop of corrections when they were subsequently revised by him, and to these emendations the Corpus codex bears abundant testimony.

Having ascertained then, with some confidence, that he has to do with a copy at first hand of a MS. of the sixth century, Mr. Rule next essays a still more arduous task. He sets himself to determine the character, paleographically considered, of this exemplar; and noting the comparatively cramped writing and ingenious economy of space conspicuous in the early part of the Cambridge codex, he is led to refer this peculiarity to an attempt on the part of the transcriber to maintain some definite correspondence between the lines of writing in his own copy and those of the exemplar.<sup>1</sup> "If we suppose him," says Mr. Rule, "to have been working on narrow columns of uncial character, can it be possible that the task he set himself was that of making a single line of his transcript the equivalent of two lines of his exemplar?" This question our editor answers in the affirmative, being led to this conclusion chiefly by his observations of the

<sup>1</sup> We understand Mr. Rule to imply, that later on in the volume the amount of extraneous matter which had to be introduced to bring St. Gregory's Missal up to the liturgical requirements of the twelfth century, led the scribe to abandon his self-imposed trammels, and to allow himself as much space as was needful.

curious manner in which the antiphonal indications at the beginning of each Mass are sometimes truncated. He considers that the twelfth century scribe reproduced faithfully what he found in the exemplar, and that in the exemplar these antiphonal indications had been cut down so that with the rubrics they might occupy either exactly one or exactly two lines of the narrow uncial columns. When, for instance, at the beginning of the Second Sunday in Lent, we have a line in the Corpus MS. thus arranged :

DOMINICA . II . XL . Æ . REMINISCERE . MISE . ORATIO .

Mr. Rule believes that the exemplar also had curtailed the beginning of the antiphon *Reminiscere miserationum* in the same way, in order that together with the rubric, *Dominica . II . XL* (*Quadragesimæ*), and the word *Oratio* which introduced the Collect, they might exactly fill two of the uncial lines. Assuming then from an examination of this and similar instances that a line of the exemplar contained an average of nineteen letters, our editor next thinks that by noting the space intervening between some slight peculiarities in the transcript which he believes can only have been caused by the copyist having to turn the page of the exemplar before him, he can arrive at an estimate of the number of letters in a single page of the exemplar, and by dividing this total by the number of letters in a line, he finds that the number of lines in a page was just twenty.

This conclusion having been reached, Mr. Rule proceeds to erect upon it a fabric of inference and speculation so technical and complicated that we utterly despair of making it intelligible to our readers. He argues back not only to a fourth revision, D, of the Gregorian Mass Book distinct from revisions A, B, and C, the originals of the editions which may be conveniently described as the Menardian, the Pamelian, and the Pio-Clementine, but he considers that the text which came to St. Augustine in England was itself a modification of D, and must be designated as D', that these redactions were drawn up in MSS. which had the same page capacity with those of the earlier revisions, that D' represents a collection of constituents expressly made for the use of the infant English Church, and that these last changes were first written in St. Gregory's own hand in a much corrected "working copy," the which, together with a fair copy of this last redaction made by a professional

scribe, ultimately found a home in St. Augustine's English Abbey and were used in the production of the codex now known as MS. 270 of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. Perhaps we had better set down the result of all this long process of inference in Mr. Rule's own words.

Now let imagination fly from Rome to Canterbury, from the end of the sixth century to the early years of the twelfth; and entering the cloister of St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, let us look over the shoulder of a painstaking monk who, evidently, is engaged in revising the text of a newly executed Missal. It is a document of which we by this time know something, MS. C.C.C.C. 270, and the painstaking monk is our friend the principal reviser. The book needs revision, because though executed with conscientious accuracy and by a skilled hand, it is the derivative, not of a finished copy of subredaction D', but of a volume in which, while some of the characteristics peculiar to subredaction D' have been set forth in all their final accuracy and completeness, others appear in only a transitional or experimental state. That is to say, the exemplar whence it was taken was St. Gregory's own working copy; and in respect of some few leaves of that venerable document which were turned into rough draft by the Pontiff and not replaced, it stands in need of collation with a finally executed specimen of D'. Such a specimen lies open on a desk before our painstaking acquaintance, and beside it is the great Doctor's working copy. The two volumes are amongst the most cherished treasures of the house, loved and valued now as they were loved and valued three centuries and a half gone by, when Edgar (*sic*), Archbishop of York, inspected and compared them, and as the outcome of the inspection and comparison, declared them to contain a distinctive provision for the celebration of the summer ember-season in the Church of the English. To us also in our turn, as we inspect and compare them, it becomes luminously evident that the assignation of the two sets of Masses to the *plena hebdomada post pentecosten* was an editorial after-thought.

There can, as we said in the beginning, be no sort of doubt as to the splendid service Mr. Rule will have rendered to liturgical study if he can substantiate the very startling theory which we have thus outlined. Of late years, almost for the first time perhaps, we seem to have been approaching some sort of solution of our doubts as to what the Gregorian revision of the Missal really meant. The materials accumulated in M. Delisle's *Mémoire sur d'anciens Sacramentaires*, the bold line of investigation taken by the Abbé Duchesne and given to the world in his *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, the reaction against the more extreme tendencies of the latter scholar to

which the late Dom Bäumer gave such admirable expression in his article, *Ueber das sogenannte Sacramentarium Gelasianum*,<sup>1</sup> the less brilliant but persevering and useful work of Dr. Probst, the very scholarly monograph on Italian libraries by Dr. Ebner, cited at the head of this article, with the valuable dissertations appended to it, have all led us to feel that we are on the verge of something like a clear understanding of the problem, and that we may look to Mr. Edmund Bishop's forthcoming work for a pronouncement which is relatively final. Casting a glance through the footnotes of Mr. Rule's Introduction, it was not encouraging to find every one of these names completely ignored. Still, if he had worked the investigation out entirely by himself, and had nevertheless established with reasonable certainty such astonishing conclusions, it was all the more creditable to the editor's sagacity.

Accordingly, we have spent much time in an attempt to master the different lines of argument, and we have honestly tried our best to do justice to the theory which has cost so many years of patient labour, but our regretful conclusion has been that Mr. Rule fails to make good his case, and that although we are far from considering the publication a useless one, we are afraid that it brings us no nearer to understanding the true character of St. Gregory's Mass Book.

It would be impossible within reasonable limits to state adequately our objections to the theory, and still more to the methods adopted in the work we are criticizing. The most we can do is to indicate here and there some of the flaws which seem to us to vitiate the reasoning. On almost every page some point occurs in which we find ourselves in disagreement with the writer, but we will begin by calling attention to two particularly hazardous speculations which are made conspicuous by their position in the very forefront of the volume.

We have alluded on an earlier page to the circumstance which first attracted Mr. Rule's attention to the MS., the alteration of a word in the Mass for St. Elfege, which he conjectures to be due to the personal action of Archbishop Lanfranc. This hypothesis has no connection with his main argument about the Gregorian origin of the Missal, but meeting us as it does in the very first line of the Preface, it has struck us as too characteristic of the editor's methods to be passed over in silence. The basis of fact upon which the edifice of

<sup>1</sup> *Historisches Jahrbuch des Görres Gesellschaft*, vol. xiv. pp. 241—301, 1893.

speculation rests is simply this, that Lanfranc is known to have consulted Anselm, expressing doubts about St. Elfege's claim to be called a martyr, and that in a Missal (that which Mr. Rule has edited) belonging to a different Canterbury monastery from Lanfranc's, and transcribed at least a dozen years after his doubts had been set at rest, the words occur, *Ut interventu archipresulis et meritis Alfegi*, a clause in which a later reviser has made the obvious correction, *et martiris Alfegi*. We must add that in the Preface and Postcommunion of the same Mass, St. Elfege is twice styled *martyr* and that the Collect speaks of his *passio*. To explain this very natural copyist's blunder, Mr. Rule builds up a theory involving the following assumptions: (1) that Lanfranc used to employ himself in correcting or composing the prayers of his own Missals, and therefore presumably the Mass of St. Elfege; (2) that the scruple about Elfege's martyrdom occurred to him after already omitting the word *martyr* in the Collect, though he has left in the same Collect the words, *dira passio*; (3) that in Mr. Rule's own words, "he [Lanfranc] had already changed *ac martyris tui* in the Secreta into *et meritis*, but had not yet inserted the transposition marks needed for completely transforming the phrase into *ut interventu et meritis archipresulis Alfegi*;" (4) that this must have happened just at the time when St. Anselm had come over from Normandy to spend a few days with his friend; (5) that Lanfranc, without going further in his revision, jumped up and went to discuss the matter with Anselm; (6) that resuming his work, he forgot to make any change in the Secret, but introduced or retained the most unequivocal testimony to St. Elfege's martyrdom in the Preface and Postcommunion; (7) that the leaf remained for twenty years or more without anybody correcting the phrase, *interventu archipresulis et meritis Alfegi*; (8) that in the year 1105, when the body of St. Elfege was brought to light, a relic was probably given to the monks of St. Augustine's; (9) "but that the latter on asking for a Mass to say in his honour, had to content themselves with the partially castigated leaf which Lanfranc had cut out of the Christchurch Missal a quarter of a century before, on the resolution of his doubts by Abbot Anselm of Le Bec;" (10) that the monk of St. Augustine's who copied it into the Corpus Missal wrote down the words before him mechanically, without attempting to understand or amend them. If there be any historical evidence for any one of these ten suggestions, we



can only say that Mr. Rule has not given the slightest clue to it. Now it may be quite true that there is nothing improbable in such conjectures as these taken individually, but we find it hard to enter into the mind of an editor who can let himself swing from the end of such a chain of assumptions, and can assert without misgiving as the conclusion of the process: "I believe this *De Sancto Alfego archiepiscopo* to be a direct transcript from the very page on which Lanfranc was plying his critical pen when it occurred to him that he might, after all, have been mistaken in questioning the claim of his heroic predecessor to the palm of martyrdom." This is not an encouraging introduction to the still more marvellous tale which it is the chief object of this volume to establish.

Our next criticism has reference to a point very intimately connected with the main argument, and which indeed, from the use Mr. Rule makes of it, might almost be called the key-stone of the arch. The existence, he tells us, of St. Gregory's own Missals and Antiphonaries at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, is made known to us by the direct testimony of Egbert, Archbishop of York († 766), who himself inspected them there. The passage in which Archbishop Egbert has put this on record is quoted by Mr. Rule on the first page of his Introduction as follows:

Speaking of the *jejunium quarti mensis* he (Egbert) says: "Hoc autem jejunium idem beatus Gregorius per præfatum legatum in antiphonario suo et missali in plena hebdomada post Pentecosten Anglorum ecclesiæ celebrandum destinavit. Quod non solum nostra testantur antiphonaria, sed et ipsa quæ cum missalibus suis conspeximus apud Apostolorum Petri et Pauli limina."

To quote this without note or comment as a passage which proves conclusively the presence of St. Gregory's missals at St. Augustine's, Canterbury, is a proceeding, we must confess, which almost takes our breath away. It is true that St. Augustine's Abbey was at one time dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, but has Mr. Rule never heard of the technical phrase, *limina Apostolorum*? These words had a definite and consecrated meaning long before the time of Egbert, they are used repeatedly by Bede both in quoting the words of Popes like Vitalian and Sergius, and in his own narrative.<sup>1</sup> Even supposing it had

<sup>1</sup> See the instances adduced in Mr. Mayor's Glossary to his edition of Bede's *Historia Ecclesiastica*, bks. iii. and iv.



been possible for Archbishop Egbert to use such a phrase as *limina Sti. Augustini* as an equivalent for "the precincts of St. Augustine's Abbey," we must believe that he would have avoided the expression when the names of the Apostles had to be introduced, precisely on account of the ambiguity to which it would at once give rise. If Mr. Rule had been familiar with the recent literature of his subject, with Dom Bäumer's essay in the *Historisches Jahrbuch*, or with Mr. Edmund Bishop's article in the *Dublin Review* (October, 1894), he would have found Egbert's words quoted<sup>1</sup> in both one and the other, not as evidence that Egbert had consulted the books of St. Augustine's Abbey, but that he had inspected the Antiphonary and Mass Book of St. Gregory, preserved in Rome. And now, with the collapse of this portion of the substructure, there must also come crashing down a whole theory which Mr. Rule has built upon the presumed special liturgical provision which St. Gregory had introduced for the English Church, and the arguments which he has founded upon his interpretation of the phrase, *plena hebdomada post Pentecosten*. If we have regard to the contents of the first portion of what Dom Bäumer has called the *hadrianische Gregorianum*, in which, though there is no "proper" provision for the Sundays after Pentecost, the week of Pentecost itself is liturgically *full*, that is, there is a Mass appointed for each day of it, we arrive at a very rational understanding of the term *plena hebdomada*, but one which cancels at one fell swoop a good score of pages of Mr. Rule's Introduction.

In pointing out that the Corpus MS. was unquestionably written for St. Augustine's Abbey, Canterbury, and not for Christchurch, Mr. Rule has rendered a real service, and we are by no means blind to the probability lent by that piece of external evidence to the theory that the readings of this codex may prove to be of exceptional value. If there was such a thing as a sixth century Roman Mass book in existence in England in the reign of Henry I., there was no monastery more likely to possess one than St. Augustine's. That abbey always claimed to have preserved St. Gregory's books, and in view of the language of Bede and Egbert, it seems extremely probable that some liturgical works were included in St. Gregory's donation. The evidence which Mr. Rule puts forward to show that St. Augustine's was the birthplace of the Missal seems to us

<sup>1</sup> Egbert's *Dialogues* is printed in Haddan and Stubbs, iii. pp. 411, seq.

entirely satisfactory, but he might usefully have added to it a reference to the poems of Reginald of Canterbury, a monk of St. Augustine's and a contemporary, printed in the thirteenth volume of the *Neues Archiv*, by F. Liebermann. The agreement of the list of the saints panegyricized by Reginald with the masses which find a place in the Missal is very striking. He has verses in honour of Saints Augustine, Laurence, Mellitus, Justus, Honorius, Deusdedit, Theodore, Adrian, Mildred, and Leotard, all of which have special masses in the Missal. On the other hand, though he canonizes the last named in this list, heading his little poem on the almoner of Queen Bertha, "*De Sancto Leotardo*;" he passes on next to a set of verses with the title, *De Athelberto et Berta Regina*, withholding from these two the prefix of saint. It is interesting to notice, therefore, that no mass is assigned in the Missal to Ethelbert or his Queen, and that the earliest indication of a *cultus* of the former seems to be found in a St. Augustine's calendar of just a hundred years later, now preserved in the Canterbury Chapter Library.<sup>1</sup>

The fact being established that our codex first saw the light in the *scriptorium* of St. Augustine's Abbey, a focus at that epoch both of scholarship and caligraphic skill, it becomes, as we have said, extremely likely that it should preserve for us many readings of value, and Mr. Rule does well to tabulate these, and even to devote many pages of his Introduction to a study of their characteristics. But here again he forfeits our confidence by the scope which he gives to his imagination, and by his obvious determination to detect at every turn something distinctive of St. Gregory. He devotes long pages to working out refinements of meaning to be observed in St. Gregory's use of such words as *famulari* and *servire*, *incessanter* and *indesineenter*. We can only say that the conviction left in our mind by the very examples Mr. Rule quotes is, that it is impossible to build any argument upon such distinctions. That the text of the Corpus MS. is better worth printing than that of the Westminster Missal, or that of Robert of Jumièges,<sup>2</sup> or even the

<sup>1</sup> See Mr. Edmund Bishop's list of Calendars in Father Stanton's *Menology of England and Wales*. We may note further that St. Adrian, who alone among the Abbots of St. Augustine's had a mass assigned to him in the Missal, also stands alone in Reginald's list of Abbots with the prefix *sanctus*.

<sup>2</sup> It seems to us that the editors of the Henry Bradshaw Society, like Mr. Rule, would improve their work a good deal if they showed a little more acquaintance with modern continental scholarship. It is satisfactory to find from the Jumièges Missal that Mr. Wilson has come to recognize that Alcuin was responsible for the *Hucusque*

Leofric Missal, except perhaps for the extraneous matter contained in them, we are fully persuaded; but it is probably impossible to arrive at any precise idea of its value without a far wider collation of MSS. than has yet been attempted.

Even less reliable than his arguments from language seem to be the conclusions which Mr. Rule deduces from the rubrics and the contents of the *Proprium Sanctorum*. That there is absolutely no basis of fact for the distinction between genitive and ablative case headings, upon which our editor insists so much, we should not like to assert too positively, but he has to explain away several apparent exceptions, and we must own that such historical speculations as he ventures upon—say, for instance, that about St. Cæcilia—fill us with mistrust. It is not reassuring to find that a student dealing with early Christian hagiography has apparently not made acquaintance with Duchesne's edition of the *Liber Pontificalis*, and that he quotes the Hieronymian *Martyrologium* without reference to the monograph printed in the latest volume of the Bollandists. Every slender probability which makes in favour of any one of Mr. Rule's hypotheses at once assumes in his eyes the dimensions of an ascertained fact, and is made to serve as one of the foundations for a whole superstructure of dubious inferences. The date of St. Michael's feast, referred to in the Preface as an important link in the chain of evidence, is a good illustration of what we mean. Supposing that the *Veneratio Sti. Michaelis* had been clearly marked in the Corpus book for the 30th of September, either by an entry in the Calendar (unfortunately wanting), or by a date appended to the mass, we could understand Mr. Rule making much of the coincidence that the *Natale Basilicæ Angeli in Salaria* is clearly assigned to that day in the only existing MS. of the venerable Leonine Sacramentary. But, as a matter of fact, in the Corpus Missal two masses stand between St. Michael and the beginning of October, one *De Sancto Ieronimo*, the other *De Sancto Honorio Archiepiscopo*. The only reason for suggesting that the Corpus MS., in contradiction to every known Missal and calendar from the eighth century downwards, does not assign St. Michael's feast to September 29th, is a theory of Mr. Rule's that Canterbury saints have genitive case headings. To vindicate this

supplement to Pope Hadrian's *Gregorianum* (Jumièges Missal, p. xli.), but we think he would have done no harm if he had mentioned the names of Dom Bäumer and Mr. Bishop, to whom we owe the discovery.

theory he has to explain away one or two exceptions,<sup>1</sup> notably this Mass *De Sancto Honorio Archiepiscopo*, who died on the 30th of September. Quite ignoring the fact that St. Jerome's Mass intervenes between the *Veneratio Sti. Michaelis* and the Mass of St. Honorius, he is entirely satisfied that the form *De Sancto Honorio* can only be explained by supposing that St. Michael's feast was kept in this monastery on September 30, the other two being treated merely as commemorations, and three feasts being thus telescoped into one and the same day. All this is pure conjecture, without even a shadow of probability to recommend it. Mr. Rule does not pretend that the ablative form with *de* is confined to commemorations, for we have a number of such headings, as *De Sancto Mathia Apostolo*, *De Sancto Gregorio Papa*, *De Sancto Cuthberto Episcopo*, *De Sancto Benedicto Abbate*, *De Sancto Georgio*, following each other in quick succession, which assuredly were all separate feasts. And yet the editor remarks in conclusion, as if the demonstration had established an undisputed fact, *meridiana luce clarius*: "I doubt if, with the sole exception of the Corpus MS., any sacramentary or missal claiming the name of Gregorian be in existence which retains a record of the old "Veneratio" of St. Michael, to the exclusion of the superseding feast. Be that as it may, its presence in the Corpus MS. puts us in touch with a parent document, the date of which cannot have been later than the closing months of the year 624," and so on.<sup>2</sup>

But of all the speculations in the volume, the one which we feel it hardest to credit is the stichometrical investigation to which so much space is devoted. That the pursuit of an *ignis fatuus* of this kind may become a most captivating and all-engrossing occupation we can readily understand. Have we not the example of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's *Great Cryptogram* still fresh in our memories? But despite all the honest labour and real ingenuity which Mr. Rule has spent upon his task, we are convinced that his stichometrical calculations are not a whit

<sup>1</sup> Another of which he takes no notice is *De Sancto Leotardo Episcopo*, p. 80.

<sup>2</sup> Another striking instance, as it seems to us, of perverse ingenuity is the speculation which Mr. Rule (pp. cxliii. seq.) founds upon a phrase of the *Chronicon Casinense*, which happens to mention *Sacramentaria altaris unum et alterum*. This, Mr. Rule argues, must have reference to two distinct and correlative sacramentaries, supplementing each other, the one a book containing only the prayers of Mass, the other a "canon," like that used by a Bishop. But surely the phrase, *unum et alterum*, simply means "one or two—a few."

more reliable than the American writer's proof of the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare's plays. They depend, it seems to us, upon a series of assumptions absolutely without warrant, and they are conducted upon principles so elastic that, with a certain exercise of ingenuity, they could be made to square with any theory about the relation of text, exemplar, and prototype that an editor might choose to frame. To note briefly one or two out of many objections. Mr. Rule starts off by tacitly assuming, without any attempt to prove the reasonableness of the supposition, that the lines of uncial script in the exemplar, like those in the *Corpus MS.* itself, were all full lines. By what possible right, we may ask, does he make such an assumption? If we look at the best examples of Latin uncial codices,<sup>1</sup> it is the exception rather than the rule that parchment should be so economized that no break is made corresponding to our modern paragraphs. The oldest of our existing liturgical MSS., *e.g.*, the Verona codex and the *Missale Francorum*, show not infrequent breaks. The book of gospels preserved in the *Corpus* library, and believed to be part of St. Gregory's present to St. Augustine, exhibits, like many of the early Latin biblical texts, an arrangement corresponding almost to that of our modern verses, with a break at the end of each. Once this be allowed as possible, all stichometrical calculations are at an end, and Mr. Rule's laborious reconstructions which proceed on the assumption of columns of full lines are valueless.

Again, we wish we could quote at length the process of inference by which our editor arrives at his conclusion about the contents of one leaf of the exemplar.<sup>2</sup> One point in the demonstration is this. Mr. Rule finds that the transcriber has ended a prayer with *qui vivis*, when he ought to have ended it, *qui tecum vivit*. This he considers can only satisfactorily be explained by supposing that the letters QVI TECVM VI occurred at the bottom of a *recto* page with VIT over the leaf, that these letters, TECVM VI, occurring at the bottom margin, had become partially erased, and finally that the scribe, puzzled at the obliteration of the words, "instead of turning the leaf and finding 'VIT' on the next page, hastily scanned the thumb-worn parchment, and observing that after QVI there certainly was room for five letters, but certainly not room for ten, impulsively, but providentially, made the blunder which the

<sup>1</sup> See *e.g.* the fac-similes of Zangemeister and Wattenbach.

<sup>2</sup> Pp. cx.—cxiv.

vigilance of the principal reviser has corrected for us." The reader will naturally suppose that this conjectural account is merely the explanation of a fact established *aliunde* on independent evidence. But no, not at all, this *is* the proof itself. Mr. Rule expects us to see that the blunder of writing *qui vivis* for *qui tecum vivit*, could not naturally have come about in any other way, or have occurred in any other place, than the bottom corner of a *recto* leaf. So having thus determined where one *recto* leaf ended, he proceeds to discover the termination of another contiguous leaf by a similar piece of evidence which is, if anything, slightly less conclusive than that just quoted. Armed with these *data*, he is in a position to count the letters between the two, and thus ascertain the exact number of letters in a page of the exemplar.

And yet we do not think that we have stated here the most substantial objection to all Mr. Rule's stichometrical calculations. It is an essential part of his scheme that he should adopt a certain theory as to the order in which the Masses stood in St. Gregory's original codex. Although he supposes that in the earlier redactions the Missal began with the Mass for the vigil of Christmas, still he postulates a later arrangement of St. Gregory's resembling that of the Corpus MS. and practically identical with that which now prevails in the *Missale Romanum*. Now all this involves a complete ignoring of the testimony of the MSS. with regard to the order of the constituents of the Missal; and the gradual steps by which the present arrangement eventually won acceptance. Mr. Rule's views involve the supposition that though St. Gregory in his latest redaction drew up a missal resembling in the details of its arrangement the constitution of that which we now use, the memory of that arrangement completely disappeared from view for several centuries without leaving a trace of its presence, and then gradually revived again nobody knows how, and came in the end to prevail universally. In other words the constitution of the Corpus MS. would prove clearly to any expert that if it faithfully reproduces not only the text but the order of the masses in some older codex, that older codex cannot date back beyond the ninth or tenth century at earliest. The arrangement of the Corpus MS. is one for which we have no parallel before the tenth century. On the other hand the exemplar which Mr. Rule would reconstruct from it would give us a missal arranged in the tenth century manner by Pope Gregory the



Great himself. The whole theory, therefore, may be said to be founded on one big anachronism.<sup>1</sup>

It would seem to be by some malicious disposition of Providence, that almost concurrently with the publication of Mr. Rule's edition there should have appeared in Germany the admirable volume of Dr. Ebner, the title of which we have cited at the head of this article. In that work for the first time a perfectly clear statement of the arrangement and development of the contents of our MS. Sacramentaries and Missals has been rendered available to students in a series of dissertations which are simply invaluable. If Mr. Rule, before commencing to formulate his theories, had gone through some kindred examination and classification of our existing MS. sources, he would have saved himself, we believe, the waste of much ingenuity and many precious hours of labour.

In conclusion, let us repeat that although with the best will in the world, we have found ourselves unable to accept any of Mr. Rule's speculations with regard to the textual history of his MS., we are still most grateful to him for the attention he has devoted to its reproduction. No one will question the conscientious and painstaking care with which every peculiarity of the MS. has been indicated in his edition. The main feature of the work is after all not the introduction, but the text, and with the reproduction of the text we have no quarrel whatever. We should have been glad to pass over in silence our disagreement with the editor's theories, but seeing that much has at different times been written in journals of high standing like the *Tablet* and the *Guardian*, in reference to the unique claim of the Corpus MS. to represent St. Gregory's own revision, it seemed necessary to state our opinion on the subject frankly and without reserve.

HERBERT THURSTON.

<sup>1</sup> In the whole of this paper we have left untouched many points which ought to be considered in any adequate discussion of the value of the Corpus MS. or its relation to a possible Gregorian original. We have said nothing of the improbability of assigning to St. Gregory the redaction of the Masses for the Sundays after Pentecost, neither have we considered the possibility that its peculiar variants may be due to the emendations of a late reviser, say Reginald himself. We see no special reason to doubt that other mediæval scholars besides Alcuin may have used a certain amount of editorial freedom in regard to St. Gregory's work. The letter of Abbot Helisachar to Nidibrius, rescued from oblivion by Mr. Bishop, is instructive in this connection.



## *The Religion of Bhuddha.*

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### THE BURMESE PHRA.

BHUDDHISM is now yet to the fore. Whether it takes the modern form of an occult science as seen in the Esoteric Bhuddism of the fashionable London drawing-rooms, or that mystical *cultus*, apparently a sort of advanced Theosophy, that has recently made its appearance in the Parisian *salons*, and by which its votaries fondly hope to attain to the heights of a true religion; or the soul-inspiring lines of the poet, whose majestic flow of words and imagery has almost placed the Prophet of Burmah in the ranks of a divinity; or the writings of those learned authors whose endeavour it is to prove that credence is to be given to the "Little Vehicle," or earlier school of Bhuddism, which taught that Bhuddha believed in a spiritual life and a hereafter, and not to the "Great Vehicle," or later school, which taught the exact reverse, that is to say, atheism and annihilation; certain it is, that under whatever form it may adapt itself to different minds, there is much inquiry into and growing fascination for the tenets of that wonderful system of religion which flourished for at least five centuries before our era, and still numbers about four hundred million inhabitants of this globe amongst its votaries.

In writing this article, however, it is by no means my intention to criticize the various opinions held respecting this marvellous creed, nor in any way to compare it with other religions existing throughout the world.

It is a well-known axiom that truth, especially religious truth, can rarely be served by ridicule or adverse criticism. My sole object, therefore, is simply to represent, in as short and unbiassed a form as possible, the religion of the Burmese followers of Bhuddha, that is, what is still left of it, as it is to be seen practised in Southern Burmah, on the banks of the Irrawady and along the Martaban coast. There it is to be

found in all its integrity—untouched by the innovating philosophy of China, unimpressed by the subsequent defections of India and Ceylon, unsullied by the mystical doctrines of Thibet. And to carry out this purpose I shall start with the invocation or formula always used by Burmese writers on the setting forth of any religious subject, and which I consider is the characteristic leading-note of their whole belief.

I adore Bhuddha who has gloriously emerged from the bottomless whirlpool of endless existences, who has extinguished the burning fire of anger and other passions, who has opened and illuminated the fathomless abyss of dark ignorance, and who is the greatest and most excellent of all beings.

I adore the Law which the most excellent Bhuddha has published, which is infinitely high and incomparably profound, exceedingly acceptable, and most earnestly wished for by Nats and men, capable to wipe off the stains of concupiscence, and immutable.

I adore the Assembly of the Perfect, of the pure and illustrious Ariahs in their eight sublime states, who have overcome all the passions that torment other mortals, by eradicating the very root of concupiscence and who are famous above all other beings.<sup>1</sup>

There is a massive rhythmical grandeur about this short Preface which arrests the attention with a distinct resonant power of its own. It is like a rudely-carved, antique gem, which, notwithstanding its Oriental setting, has a certain indescribable charm to the Western mind that interests itself in this great subject. As the cameo on the shell, it stands out clear-cut and unshaded; it is what the orchestral prelude or recitative is to the oratorio; what the dramatic prologue is to the actor's performance; what the base is to the pillar, or the solid foundation to the magnificent structure that is to be erected on it; it is, in fact, a fervent profession of faith of very ancient origin translated from the Pali text, which contains an epitome of almost the whole religious system of what a true Bhuddhist believes, and embodies nearly all the elements of his creed. For many long years, so say the Bhuddhist writers, the world was wrapped in a cloud of moral and intellectual

<sup>1</sup> This Preface, together with some of the stories and quotations, is taken from the *Life or Legend of Gaudama*, translated from the Pali by Mgr. Bigaudet, late Roman Catholic Bishop of Burmah, of revered memory; who spent more than fifty years of his valuable life in missionary work among the people of that country. I was fortunate while at Rangoon to have many interesting conversations with this distinguished prelate respecting the Burmese religion, and it was mainly through his kind help and advice that I was enabled to make notes on this vast subject, which I now place before the public in the form of an article.

darkness. No Bhuddha nor any great teacher had appeared to illuminate the minds of all human beings. The leaders of men had fallen into a state of apathy and mental decrepitude, the lower orders were brutalized and savage. But after numberless successive revolutions of nature had taken place, there appeared about twenty-seven Bhuddhas who were to pave the way for the mighty Founder of the Law. And here let it not be supposed that these Bhuddhas were in any degree equal in the excellence of perfection and knowledge to Phraloong, the great lord or future Bhuddha—he alone was the all-wise Law-giver, the almost divine being, the deliverer of mankind, and the halo that radiated from his brows had never shone on those of another. We may therefore infer that they were highly gifted, intellectual teachers who came to dispel the mist of ignorance and error that enshrouded the world. Then suddenly a rumour was spread that the long looked for Bhuddha had emerged from the generations of existences through which he was obliged to pass, had descended from the shades of the Nats (or spirits), and was re-incarnated in the form of man. The story of Gaudama, the Burmese Bhuddha, is well known; all writers on Burmah have ably related the history of his mortal life, fabulous or otherwise, and have eulogized in prose and verse his wonderful birth and childhood, his deep insight into human affairs, his pity for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and his marvellous escape from the trammels of courtly pomp and grandeur, with all its attending circumstances of Eastern luxury and enervating influences, so that he might lead the life of a low-born recluse in poverty and self-denial, in order thus to benefit the entire race of humanity. Accordingly, I shall not here recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that apart from all the legends that have been recorded of him, he must have been a man endowed with the spirit of boundless benevolence and charity, a profound thinker and able moralist, well versed in Brahmin lore, with a mind superior to all others in the attainment of metaphysical erudition and abstruse science, and moreover deeply imbued with the need of a Saviour to rescue man from the degradation of gross ignorance and shameful desires, and the hideous moral diseases which accrued therefrom. The son of a king, and of a very high princely caste, he yet renounced all such pretensions to rank and social distinction, and proclaimed the then bold doctrine that virtue and religious perfection were within the reach of all, and that no dignity was

to be acknowledged but that which they conferred ; that no individual even of the very lowest order could be prevented, by the mere accident of birth, from rising above his fellow-mortals, though they might move in a far higher sphere than himself, and be much beyond him in worldly means and position, if he could but have the energy of purpose to attain to the most eminent degree of goodness and moral worth. He must have been like some of those great Reformers who from time to time have illuminated our planet, and won man over to a belief in their opinions by their strong persuasive eloquence and the winning, captivating force which emanated from their whole person and address. Full of an immense amount of fortitude and moral courage, with an unbounded confidence in himself and the purity and righteousness of the cause which he came to further, and of which he was appointed to be the chief promoter, he was capable of enduring fatigue, deprivation, and self-sacrifice to any extent, so that he might sway the hearts of all men by the nobleness of his example and by the unswerving rectitude of his lofty motives. And to accomplish this design he entered upon a severe course of mental training ; he set himself to study the law in all its most intricate points, so that by it he should be enabled to unravel those hitherto insoluble problems which from all ages have vexed the human mind, first with the aid of the Rathees or Brahmin ascetic teachers, and then by the sheer strength of his own indomitable will, his vigorous intellect, and the clear intuition of his moral perceptions.

Bhuddhist traditions assert that the law is eternal, that no Bhuddha had ever invented or originated it, but that he who became a true Bhuddha was gifted with such perfect knowledge that he was capable of mastering it in all its forms, and thereby could discover all things that had ever existed, and penetrate into mysteries that were far beyond the ken of ordinary mortals.

With his exalted mission ever before him, great were the fasts and austerities he practised, wandering alone in the wilds and forests, absorbed in contemplation and earnest thought ; but so beset was he by the temptations of the evil angel, the wicked Nat Manh (or Mara, as he is also called), that at length his body, overcome by resistance to his furious antagonist, could no longer bear the strain, and he fell down exhausted, and lay for days in a death-like trance, so that the good Nats finding him thus, looked upon him as dead, and mournfully bewailed

his untimely end. But, recovering from his long swoon, he revealed to them the reasons for these painful fatigues and arduous tasks, and the splendid results he hoped to achieve thereby. Deep had been his researches into the holy Law in order that he might apply it with profit to the wants of all classes of people, from the lower grades of the slavish, struggling masses to the upper strata of the more highly intelligent and cultured beings; for much compassion did he feel for them in their suffering state. As the well-informed annalists say, like a clever physician, who, standing by the bedside of a patient sick of a complicated malady which has hitherto baffled all medical skill, inquires into and makes a careful investigation of every part of his disease, and when he has sufficiently satisfied himself as to its general character, minutely re-examines each separate point, until he can make a correct diagnosis of the whole case, and knows then what remedy will be most suitable to effect a specific and lasting cure, so Bhuddha, looking down with the eye of omniscience and with the most intense pity on the miseries and loathsome moral disorders that torment human nature, saw that the Law was the only sure and wholesome medicine which could purify and relieve its sad needs. At length the brightest of lights dawned on his self-chosen seclusion, a pure and ineffable radiance lit up the sky and earth, and diffused itself in all directions, even through the darkest caverns of the world, as with rays from a luminous globe of finest gold richly encrusted with rubies and sapphires of a rare and wondrous quality. A lustrous shimmer of countless dew-drops, which hung from tree and grass, caught up the beam, and reflected it back with the sparkling brilliance of a thousand many-hued crystal and opaline gems. The birds in myriads sang their sweetest melody. The far-famed five lilies of the East sprang forth simultaneously, and emitted iridescent gleams of dazzling splendour from their glowing, expanded petals of purple and white and red, shot through with delicate threads of gold.

A delicious perfume of mingled odours exhaled from every plant and flower and shrub, and filled the air with its fragrance—a magical harmony of beauty reigned around. Nature herself seemed to be in unison with the wonderful event about to take place; when he, seated in serene reflection under the Bodi-tree—that tree of highest wisdom—felt the glorious, exquisite vision of unclouded truth burst upon him, and at once received the

gift of the most absolute and supreme intelligence. Thus he became the greatest of all teachers, the wise Law-giver.

His sublime, invigorating doctrine of the moral regeneration of man had naturally a great attraction for all ranks and degrees of people, and many were the hearers that flocked to him and hung on his marvellous words. Numberless also were the converts that he made, among whom the names of not a few illustrious personages may be reckoned, such as that of King Thoodaudana, his father, his half-brothers, and several other relatives, so much struck were they by the magnetic power of his teaching, the lucidity of his arguments, his matchless precepts, and miraculous deeds. They also made him presents of large tracts of land on which to build monasteries for those amongst his disciples who wished to spend a life of retirement and meditation. His countenance is described as majestic and full of dignity, and his demeanour, to all who approached him, as gentle, calm, and gracious. Some of his legends read like romances, so replete are they with a beautiful, tender depth of pathos, instinct with life and an ingenuous play of fancy, but with a sharp ring of stern realism withal. Take, for instance, his conversion of the Biloo, or wild man of the wood—a Bosgesmin, as we might call him, the intrinsic merit of which tale lies in its artless simplicity, and which shall be here related.

Bhuddha, in one of his tours of preaching, travelled to a place called Alawee. There he heard of a Biloo who was in the habit of eating every day some children of that place. Owing to the ravenous and horrible appetite of the monster, all the children had been eaten up; there remained only the child of the King, who was on the following day to be given over to him. Bhuddha reviewed as usual on a certain morning the conditions of all beings. He saw the sad position of the King of Alawee and of his son. He resolved to proffer assistance to both and also to convert the Biloo. He arrived in the country of Alawee, where he was received with every mark of respect. He forthwith went into the forest where the monster lived. At first he met with a most determined and violent opposition. But opposing to his enraged antagonist, meekness, patience, and kindness, Bhudda gradually softened that terrible nature. Concealing affectedly the change which was taking place in him almost against his perverse inclination, the Biloo said to Bhuddha, "I have put certain questions to many famous ascetics, but they have not been able to answer them. On seeing their utter incapacity, I have seized them, torn their bodies in pieces, and flung their quivering limbs into the Ganges. Such shall be your fate, O Gaudama, if your science fails you on this occasion. By what means can a man



get out of the stream or current of passions? How can he cross over the sea of existences? How can he free himself from the evil influences? How shall he be able to purify himself from the smallest stain of concupiscence?" Bhuddha replied, "Listen, O Biloo, to my words; my answer shall fully satisfy you. By faith in and affection for the three precious things, man escapes from the current of passions. He who applies himself to the study of the law of merits passes over the sea of existences. He who strives to practise the words that procure merits frees himself from evil influences, and from attending miseries. Finally, the knowledge of the four *meggas* or ways to perfection procures exemption from the least remnant of concupiscence." The Biloo, delighted with what he had heard, believed in Bhuddha, and soon was firmly established in the state of Thautapan (the meaning expressed by this latter word being that he entered among that special and privileged circle in the Assembly of the Perfect, established by Bhuddha, which included those individuals who, resolving to renounce the past and lead the new life, had just stepped into the path leading to perfection). On that spot where so glorious and unexpected a conversion had taken place, a monastery was erected. Bhuddha spent herein the sixteenth season. As usual myriads of Nats and men who had heard his preachings obtained the deliverance.

In order to elucidate this subject more clearly for the reader who, not being aware of the relations of the Nats to the teaching of Bhuddha, might be puzzled as to how they came to be identified among his converts, we may mention in passing that, so far as we understand it, Bhuddha's plan of salvation did not extend merely to men, but also to those angels or disembodied spirits, who though in a far more advanced and perfect condition than man, yet still lived in the expectation of a deliverer who should point out to them the blissful steps of Neibban, and bring them directly to that sublime state. Again, at the risk of being considered somewhat wearisome, we shall cite another instance from the legends, showing with what rare dexterous skill and discriminating tact he knew how to deal with the weak side of human nature in his disciples. A certain measure of strong common sense, which characterizes many of his practical lessons, pervades it, mingled with a touch of caustic irony.

From Alawee, Bhuddha went to Radzagio, and spent the seventeenth season in the Wellown monastery. During that season, a courtesan, beautiful and accomplished, named Thirima, sister of the celebrated physician Dyewaka, renowned all over the country for her wit and the incomparable charms of her person, wished to show her liberality to the disciples of Bhuddha. Every day a certain number of them went



to her dwelling to receive, along with their food, abundant alms. One of the pious mendicants, in an unguarded moment, moved by an irresistible feeling of curiosity, looked at her, and was instantly smitten by her charms. The mortal wound was widened and deepened by a fortuitous occurrence. On a certain day Thirima fell sick. But she did not relax in her daily work of charity. Weak though she was, she insisted on the mendicants being introduced into her house, that she might pay her respects to them. The unfortunate lover was among the company. Her bewitching attractions were heightened by her languid gait and drooping attitude. The poor lover went back with his brethren to the monastery. The arrow had penetrated to the core of the heart. He refused to take any food, and during some days completely estranged himself from the society of his brethren. While the intestine war raged in his bosom, Thirima died. Bhuddha, desirous to cure the mortal distemper of the poor religious, invited King Pimpasora to be present when he should go with his disciples to see the remains of Thirima. On the fourth day after Thirima's death, he went to her house with his disciples. There her body was laid before them, all livid in appearance. Seeing the appalling change which had there taken place, Bhuddha coolly asked the King: "What is that sad object which is stretched out before us?" "Thirima's body," replied the King. At this reply Bhuddha, addressing the assembly, said: "Behold all that remains of Thirima, who was so famous for her personal allurements! What has become of that form which deceived and enslaved so many? All is subjected to mutability, there is nothing real in this world." On hearing the instruction, eighty-two thousand persons obtained the knowledge of the four truths. The Rahan who, because of his passion, would not eat his food, was entirely cured of his moral distemper, and firmly established in the state of Thautapan. To those who came to him in all sincerity for instruction, and plied him with certain questions on matters relating to morals and religion, his answer was invariably delivered in an incisively clear, simple, non-argumentative style, denoting at once a singular capacity for correct, sound judgment, and an acute, deliberate power of reasoning; which ever impressed his hearers with the obvious certainty that in him they beheld the impersonation of the True Prophet, and not a mere visionary enthusiast.

We cannot refrain from giving one brief example, as in it is compressed a large portion of his ethical teaching:

On a certain day, his cousin Mahanan, the son of Thoodaudana, came to the monastery, and having paid his respects to his illustrious relative, took the liberty to propose to him the four following questions: "(1) In what consists the fulfilment of the religious duties? (2) What is meant by religious dispositions? (3) What is the real renouncing? (4) What is the true knowledge?" Bhuddha replied to him in this

manner: "The fulfilment of the religious duties consists in observing carefully the five precepts obligatory on all men. The religious disposition is but a loving inclination and affection for all that refers to Bhuddha and the Law that he has published. He who possesses it experiences a continual longing for the acquisition of merits. The renouncing is that disposition a man is habitually in when he finds his pleasure in parting with his riches for the purpose of relieving the needy and bestowing alms on the members of the Assembly. Finally, wisdom consists in making oneself perfectly acquainted with what can procure merits for the present and the future ; under its influence man acts up to that knowledge, and so attends with the utmost diligence to what may put an end to the law of miseries."

With the astute sagacity of the far-seeing sage and philosophical thinker, Bhuddha perceived that the vicious depravities and ill-regulated passions which dominate the heart of man, holding sway over his reason and senses and over-ruling all his actions, were mainly due to three great evils, namely: to inordinate desire, to anger, and to ignorance, the latter being the worst of all, for, like a mighty wind, it swept away and destroyed all before it with one terrific blast. And here we must remember not to look upon ignorance in the positive light that a European mind is wont to regard it, nor must it be considered in any material way whatever, as of one who is ignorant of his work, or of a person that is stupid or unlearned, as we constantly meet with it in its real actual shape in our daily intercourse with our fellow-creatures. For to the true Bhuddhists it conveys itself under quite a different meaning. With them it is the absolute wanting in science, or no knowledge in its most complete abstract form—the very pith or quintessence of ignorance, if we may so express it, which germ of evil permeates through the mind of man like a subtle poison, and holds his will and reason in subjection to the sensual instincts. Thus, as they say, from ignorance arises conception and imagination, from which proceeds knowledge both false and real, and from that self-individualism and ideal being, all of which, according to them, being unprofitable to a mind bent or abstracting itself, are baneful influences strenuously to be avoided ; and these again, ranging through an interminable and tedious series of causes and effects, at length end in a vast labyrinth of images and intricacies only comprehensible to the analytical and complex understanding of the Burman, but which is quite needless to ourselves and to our purpose to

follow out at any greater length. For the deviously speculative, widely comprehensive mental capacity of the Bhuddhist, accustomed as it is to arrange all philosophical and ontological questions with the most precise, mathematical exactitude and nicety, has a marvellous aptitude for unlimited definitions, and is able to leap at one gigantic bound from the loftiest abstractions to the minutest concrete details with an acrobatic velocity and ease truly astounding and wholly inexplicable to our duller Western faculties. It is true that with us they hold the notion of our ordinary five senses, being the animated guides and organs of our various volitions, inclinations, and perceptions; but to these they add a sixth, that is, the "mano," or knowing principle, which is supposed to reside in the heart, and is equivalent to our mind and intellectual capacities, but with their strong materialistic tendencies it is as near an approach as can be to a soul or spiritual substance. The same idea concerning ignorance or no-knowledge, as being the root of all ills, is to be met with in the writings of Socrates and some of the ancient authors; but as probably they were not so deeply immersed in metaphysical science as was the Apostle of the Burmese, their theory of it is couched in a more modified form.

To counteract this immense evil therefore, Bhuddha expounded the Law in all its magnitude, dividing it into three parts or branches, so that all might comprehend it, that is, the Abidama or metaphysics, the Thout or moral instruction, and the Wini or discipline. He pointed out to his adherents that they were to exempt themselves from the five great passions, which he said are like a huge net that encompassed both men and Nats, and for this purpose they must be most fully initiated into the knowledge of the chief precepts and ordinances of the Law, and observe them with the utmost rigour. Merits must be gained abundantly to ensure complete deliverance from all present and subsequent miseries; therefore his followers must practise almsgiving and all benevolent actions on a very large scale, and extend kindness and hospitality to all with whom they came in contact, and especially to strangers. This last virtue, which was always considered an inherent quality of superabundant good, is still held in great estimation as a mark of extreme merit even among the Burmese of the present day. Furthermore he exhorted men to the faithful maintenance of the three counsels of perfection which consisted in a due

repression and careful self-restraint in eating and drinking ; to keep themselves intact from every circumstance that would stultify and enfeeble or in any way attenuate their higher powers, and finally to have an assiduous avoidance of all superfluous and debasing luxury. Then to secure them a completely successful issue of their endeavours, he urged upon them as an obligatory duty to entertain a pious and devoted belief and confidence in the three precious things, namely, Bhuddha, the Law, and the Assembly of the Perfect. Lastly, he explained to them the higher doctrines of the four great principles or truths (the *meggas*), the manifestation of which signifies what in Bhuddhist phraseology is commonly known as the Law of the Wheel. It is described as, "incessantly revolving on itself and always presenting successively those four points to the attentive consideration of the faithful," which would eventually lead them on in the seven blessed steps of Neibban, that grandly felicitous climax to all their hopes, on which their minds were continuously to dwell. He founded the Assembly of the Perfect, or *Ariahs*, which was composed of the select number of his converts who desired most particularly to embrace a holy life and to live in constant intercourse with him and attendance on his person, and though often necessarily separated from him, yet spent most of their time in his company, deriving wisdom and knowledge from his instructions. Of such were the *Rahans*, *Rahandas*, and the *Pounhas*, or men whose lives were that of an exceeding holiness. And among these may be found his own special disciples, who when proficient in all matters of the Law, were to set forth and teach and preach it to the people of all countries. To facilitate them in this work and to enable them to carry it out with the greater ease, he laid down for their moral conduct certain essential rules, which they were strictly to observe along with a distinct mode of life. They were to be free and entirely unshackled by worldly cares, ties, and affections. To inspire and gain respect for their person in those among whom they moved, they were to live a life apart in asceticism and severe mortification, to inure themselves to the greatest hardships and privations, and to be clad in a distinctive garb, consisting of three straight simple pieces of cloth, which constitutes the canonical, priestly, yellow robe of the Bhuddhist hierarchy. Thus bare-footed, bare-headed, with the *patta* or wooden bowl in hand, they were to beg their food from door to door, forming as it were an itinerant order.

of mendicant preachers. Moreover, their teaching was to be of the simplest, and to make it universal and popular it was to be divested of all unnecessary dogma, and they were to preach straight to the heart of man the necessity and happiness of leading a good, wholesome, virtuous life, apart from an existence of self-indulgent careless ease, and ignoble vice-resulting pleasure-seeking.

Before leaving this subject, we shall here note that one of the reasons why Bhuddha so stringently regulated the dress of his disciples, was, that among the Brahmin and other Eastern yogis—or holy mendicants—it was esteemed a point of the highest sanctity to wear little or no clothing. This custom was most sternly reprov'd and in fact forbidden by Bhuddha to his followers; one of his most special tenets being that they were to practise excessive reserve and modesty in their dress and behaviour. In travelling they were to walk along the public roads with their eyes austerely bent on the ground, and their faces shaded by a huge palm-leaf fan (which is still to be seen with them in our own time), so as not to be disturbed by the too inquisitive looks of the passers-by. Another reason also was that it should be to them as a trait of great humility, as the cloth from which the before mentioned uniform attire was made, was to be of the coarsest material, and similar in texture to that which enshrouded a corpse.

Such is a slight, and, as we fear, but very inadequate sketch of some of the leading tenets of the doctrine of the Burmese Phra, elevating, grand and pure in all its constituent principles; abounding with practical good sense in its rules of moral conduct, in its intensively-cogent maxims and in the solidity of its counsels, showing the well-balanced sentiments of a robust, masterly mind and consummate intellect; and yet how strangely inconsistent and contradictory in some of its most important elements. Metempsychosis, startling and anomalous as it may seem to us, was yet one of the fundamental dogmas of Bhuddhism. It had existed in its most materialistic form for many ages among the Brahmins; and Bhuddha propounded and still further inducted it into his own creed. The law of change and mutability is one of the greatest afflictions that can affect man in this world, it is an incubus of such overwhelming and hateful proportions that by it he is bound perforce to the earth as with a rope of enormous strength. Therefore to emancipate himself from this most painful thralldom, and to shake himself

free from every obstacle that may impede him in his walk along the upward path, he must endeavour to work out his own salvation or so called perfection entirely of himself. And this is to be accomplished principally by a life of contemplation, which nothing earthly is to interrupt, not even the gaining of his own subsistence. To him the world must be as a phantasmal illusion. Nothing in it exists or is truly palpable. All is a deception and unreal. His own body even, which he knows to be "but a compound of the four elements," he must hasten to disentangle himself from as a cumbrous and useless trammel. He is, moreover, to extinguish all desire, even the desire of a soul or self-individuality, for if Tahna or Trishna, that is, desire, remain after he leaves the world, it produces Karma, or works which require the birth of another being to reap the fruit of these his actions, and which he had not been able to destroy while here below. Thus each individual is doomed to pass, if such be his fate, through innumerable entities, including every order of creature from the highest to the lowest in the animal kingdom. These countless existences, extending from the fly to the eagle, from the mouse to the lion, are influenced and regulated by the sum and measure of his merits and demerits, which, overlapping each other in continuous circles of endless rotation, finally bring him to the well-wished-for state of quiescence, the stable, immutable fixity or Neibban. Concerning this last-named state, it will not be amiss here to define the true meaning of Neibban (or Nirvana) as translated from the *Pali* by the Burmans.

Neibban is the end of all existences, the exemption from the influence of Kan, that is, the good or bad influence produced by merits or demerits; of Tsin, that is, the principle of all desires and passions; of the evasions or revolutions of Nature and of taste and sensations. Kan may be called the soul of transmigration, the hidden spring of all the changes experienced by an existing being. In Neibban the law of Kan is destroyed, and therefore there are no changes or transmigrations. In Neibban there is neither Nature nor revolution of Nature. Neibban, if a state it be, lies in vacuum or space far beyond the extensive horizon that encircles the world or worlds, or systems of Nature. Thus also, as our learned translator has it in another place: "The word Neibban, in Sanscrit Nirvana, according to its etymology, means, what is no more agitated, what is in a state of perfect calm. It is composed of the negative prefix, "nir" and "na," which means to be set in motion as the wind. It implies the idea of rest in opposition to that of motion or existence. To be in Neibban is therefore to be



carried beyond the range of existence. There can be no longer migration from one state of being to another. To the idea of Neibban is often attached that of extinction, as a lamp which ceases to burn and whose light becomes extinct when the oil is exhausted.

This faint, meagre outline of that extraordinary dogma of the transmigration of souls as inculcated by Bhuddha, is an attempt to explain to a certain degree, how widely it differs in its extreme materialism from that of the Pythagorean and Platonic philosophers whose notions regarding it were of a distinctly spiritual character. And when all has been said and written in praise of this singularly great man, have we sufficient cause to prove, any direct reason to affirm that Bhuddha, the great leader of Burmese thought, believed in a Divine, Supreme Being? One who rules over angels and men, and has created them and all the whole universe by the power of His Word; and the answer we fear must be emphatically, No! As he himself asserts: he came as a saviour and deliverer to man, to rescue him from himself and his own natural depravity, but his aim went no further, and in fact in no way does he ever mention the idea of a deity as participating in his plan of redemptive release. There is no doubt that in certain writings of a much more recent date, Bhuddhist philosophers make reference to an Adibhuddha, or Chief Essence, but this notion of a Divine interference in all human affairs has no accordance with genuine Bhuddism. Bhuddha considered that the study and right application of the Law sufficed for the wants of all men, and that from it alone could they hope to get salvation. Even in his arguments with his earlier teachers, the Brahmins, who in many respects held views divergent from his own; he decisively rejected as untenable all tendency to Pantheism, and refused to believe in that superior Power which they designated as the "Unknowable."

When pressed more closely on the question of a Deity, he is stated to have made the following reply: "I do not see any one in the heavenly world, nor in that of Mara, nor among angels or men whom it would be proper for me to honour." Or again: "Without a cause and unknown is the life of mortals in this world;" all of which suggests the denial of a God. And if he admitted of no First Cause into his scheme, what, may we ask, is the outcome, the final purpose of such teaching? Alas, we are but confronted with a vain paradoxical theory, that of a vacuous inanition; a complete nonentity; a dreary



nothingness. For Bhuddha, after building up a colossal fabric of one of the most extensively ennobling moral codes that until his time had hardly ever been known to exist, there stopped short with but an imperfect realization before him of the splendour of Eternal Truth; as if he himself stood in need of an Enlightener to illuminate the darker recesses of his mind, and bring him to a full apprehension of that most vital of truths, the re-individualizing of man in a glorious, living Here-after. After drawing his hearers out of the unfathomable ocean of miseries, and leading them across the shoals and pitfalls of life, teaching them to gain the mastery over their evil desires and unholy propensities, by an oddly inverted process of mental reasoning, ending in erroneously-based conclusions, and an inconceivably illogical sequence of ideas, he plunged them again into the deeper abyss of oblivion and total annihilation; after guiding them over the waves of dark human passions, he but stranded them on the bleak, arid shore of a negation. Thus blotting out man's existence, and consigning it to a soulless void, and condemning his high intellectual faculties, his noble thoughts and aspirations, his lofty aims and boundless achievements, to utter obscurity and endless death. And what do we see as the result of the doctrines of the Burmese Phra in the present day? None, but what may be expected of a creed whose exaggerated sentiments, lengthened out to an absurd degree, are unable to cope with the ever-needed higher exigencies and unappeased spiritual cravings of the generality of human kind: whose unattainable demands are disproportioned to the bent of the ordinary human conscience, and which has a blank, barren ending for its goal, that is, it presents the aspect of an almost inanimate form barely struggling for existence, a slow moral degeneracy, and a stealthy disintegration of all its component parts. And, moreover, whose ritual and sacred usages, so strikingly similar as they are in point of detail and organization to those of modern European nations, have become a repetition of unmeaning formulas, and through practical desuetude well-nigh defunct.

The priesthood, once so firmly established, is now merely nominal, and though still commanding respect and veneration as a class, yet the separate members composing it being almost as ignorant as those they profess to teach, keep only to the bare external appearance and letter of the law, whilst among the people, foolish, effete, superstitious practices, and the worship

of ancestral and tribal gods, have taken the place of highly defined principles and well-founded dogmas. We read and hear with a pained disgust, and our sensibilities are often shocked at the hot, fierce dissensions which rend apart the various religious bodies among the nations of our Western sphere, and reprehensible and much to be deplored as are these narrow, sectarian feuds, these raging, bitter recriminations, these burning questions and opposing views, these bigoted party strifes and conflicting disunions, still these all tend to show there is striving, healthy life within, and in consequence is the sign of a muscular, external, organic growth; better far for it to be thus, than to stagnate in a congealed apathy, or to arrive at the pitiful stage of a petrified moral standstill. Like their own golden pagodas, which, crowning the summit of every hill, add an effulgent glamour to that most bewitching of Orient scenery, piercing even through the gloom of the forests of slender-fronded palm, waving pennon-like bamboos, and bristling, luscious-stemmed cactus, and dominate every town, village, and plain as a landmark clearly indicating where Bhuddism has set its foot, the religion of the Burmese, once so powerful in arousing the best, but too often dormant energies in man by the force of its transcendent attributes; once so attractive to the many by reason of its signal rejection of the elaborate system of caste, with its alienating, insidiously interwoven ramifications, thereby hallowing the domestic and marital ties in its placing the mutual relations of husband and wife on a footing of complete social equality; so rigidly adhered to and beloved by the few; so universally flourishing and prosperous in nearly all the countries of the far East; stands out now but as a superb monument of the all-competent genius and stupendous undertaking of its great Founder, but like them is sinking gradually yet surely—imperceptibly in part though it may seem—into a state of silent, placid decay.

L. GORDON COTTON.

### *Marienglöckchen.*

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THE love of flowers seems to be a natural and almost universal instinct; and the high position flowers hold, and have always held, is not to be wondered at when one considers their beauty and infinite variety, their marvellous perfection of colouring and form—their delicacy of texture and exquisite fragrance—the lavish abundance of their blossoming.

Not only this, from earliest times they have gathered about them the sweetest, holiest, and most tender associations, so that, in a way, few flowers can be thought of as standing by themselves, and one can understand something of that saying attributed to Mahomet, "If a man have two loaves of bread, let him exchange one of them for some lotuses; for bread only nourishes the body, but to look on lotuses feeds the soul."

There is, however, a two-fold way of regarding flowers. One is purely sensuous—a mere love of their beauty—a desire to make use of them for that beauty's sake—the desire of the lover to have an offering worthy of his mistress, the thought which only extends to the resemblance between one form of loveliness and another.

In yond' carnation go and seek,  
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek;  
In that enamelled pansy by,  
There thou shalt have her curious eye;  
In bloom of peach and rose's bud  
There waves the streamer of her blood.

The flower-love of lovers is wide and varied, and so also is that which is provided by homely and perfectly mundane minds—those minds which seem ever ready to lower beautiful things to their own level, and to have no faintest comprehension of anything above or beyond their own limited horizon.

But side by side with the unimaginative, materialistic conception of flowers, comes the higher, nobler interpretation.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,  
 God has written in the stars above ;  
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
 Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,  
 Written all over this great world of ours ;  
 Making evident our own creation,  
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

This thought of the wonder and mystery of the flowers of the field has ever found an echo in the hearts of men, but in a simpler and more devotional age than ours, definite expression was given to what was indefinite. With deepest reverence for the Creator of all living things, the men of old gazed upon the loveliness of flowers, and saw in them something far beyond mere earthly beauty. They were to them sweet emblems—fair images—of the unseen and eternal.

It is Ruskin who says that to the mediæval mind flowers were the chief work of God ; the Angel's admonition to Esdras seems to have been regarded in those days, and flowers to have been held as so many Divine revelations.

The river and the topazes  
 Going in and out, and the laughing of the herbage  
 Are of the Truth foreshadowing prefaces,

sang Dante, the great lover of flowers ; and the lady in the terrestrial Paradise, stepping lightly over the soft, up-springing grass, and with her hands full of freshly-gathered blossoms, was the Countess Matilda, the Joan of Arc of the middle ages.

Dante represents her as a beautiful, gentle maiden, setting flower by flower, as she comes across the meadows ; and at last she reaches the river, whose little waves bend down the blades of grass growing upon its margin, and lifting her eyes looks at the poet, who is struck with wonder at the heavenly beauty of her expression. The flowers in her hands speak to her of God, and she glances, as it were, continually upwards.

"The Psalm *Delectasti* giveth light," she murmurs—

Quia delectasti me, Domine, in factura tua,  
 Et in operibus manuum Tuarum exultabo.

The gentle lady adoring her Creator whilst rejoicing with all her heart in the works of His hands seems a beautiful type of the true lover of flowers, and nothing brings a higher pleasure than following in the footsteps of one of these true lovers.

Even an incomplete guidance gives one an extraordinary sense of breadth and depth—of escape from the thralldom of earthliness—and as one watches the flowers appearing in their season, a two-fold joy fills one's heart.

Et in operibus manuum Tuarum exultabo !

In the narrowest sense—in the mere naming of the flowers from a *flora sacra*—a new world is entered, we join hands with the past and see once again with the eyes of devout simplicity and earnest faith—with the eyes of those to whom earth and Heaven were never far apart.

St. Thomas tells us that "although we cannot attain to God by sense, yet by sensible signs our mind is roused to tend to God," and the truth of this saying is never plainer than when we consider, even superficially, the sacred lore of flowers, and the fair procession of dedicated blossoms passes before us, marking not only the time of year, but also the time of each Church festival.

To take the flowers of the Blessed Virgin, alone, how sweetly they assume their place and tell their story, and with what delight one watches them as they appear, month by month, in their holy beauty and pure radiance of colouring.

In February it is the wild snowdrops that come to us. Beneath the grey willows by the stream the delicate flowers open their oval buds, giving one a strange feeling of hope and of exultation, for until now all the earth has seemed dead.

The leafless trees lift skeleton arms against the cold greyness of the sky, frost rims the grass-blades and the withered ferns in the hedges ; there is snow upon the distant hill-tops ; but the sheathes of the valiant little flowers have found a way of piercing upwards through the wintry soil, and now they weave their circles gay beneath the willows, and light their snowy tapers to give welcome to the great day of the Purification.

Candlemas Bells, Our Lady of February, Fair Maid of February, Purification Flower, Carillon Chandeleur.

How well these names suit the first flower of the spring, and how distinctly the drooping white bells speak, to those who have ears to hear, of the day when the gates of Heaven were opened and hosts of angels folded their snowy pinions and bowed in adoration (even as the snowdrops bow in the wind) whilst the Holy Family passed by, the Blessed Virgin clasping in her arms the Light of the World—St. Joseph by her side

with the white doves of sacrifice—the sin-offering of the Immaculate!

It has been said that in olden times it was the custom to remove the image of the Virgin from its altar on Candlemas day, and to strew the vacant place with snowdrops; but, however that may be, there is surely no finer symbol of heavenly purity than is to be found in these frail, white flowers of February—the spotless bells that so faithfully, year by year, ring out their little carillons of praise.

And while the snowdrops are still with us the hazel-bushes begin to bud and blossom, swinging bright, pendulous tassels in the very teeth of the bitter winds of March. Little grey buds appear, too, on the thorny branches of the sloe, and the willows have golden crests, but it is the victoriously waving hazel-catkins that now have a story to tell.

Tradition has ever ascribed many virtues to the hazel-tree, such as of discovering hidden treasures or subterranean springs of water; but it also belongs to the Blessed Virgin—to the company of “Visitation” blooms—and the great merit with which it has been invested by legendary lore, is that when our Lady paid her visit of mercy to St. Elizabeth—hurrying over the hills of Judea—the hazels blossomed forth to shelter her from the heat of the sun and to give welcome to the Mother of their Creator.

But with the thought of the hazel's tasselled branches another thought comes, and a vision of daffodils rises up, flashing—

upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude.

A crowd, a host of golden flowers appear, taking the winds of March with beauty, and filling all hearts with pleasure as they dance and bow in the sunshine. Sweet Lent lilies, the flowers of the Annunciation, surely in the procession of dedicated flowers none may take a higher place.

O daffodils all aflame,  
I know from whence ye came  
To warm March with your blaze;  
As Gabriel went a-winging  
Down pleasant country ways,  
He heard your trumpets ringing.

. . . . .  
Queen Marie in her bower  
Had a white lily in flower,



And Gabriel brought the gold ;  
The gold lily that ever  
Blowing his trumpet bold,  
Proclaims her praise for ever.<sup>1</sup>

But now the daffodils are joined by the primroses, and every copse and roadside becomes bright with April flowers. Lady smocks shine silvery-white in the growing grass of the meadows, and Mary buds spread wide their glistening petals ; whilst the blue speedwell (*Veronica-Chamædrys*) carpets the earth with its little, smiling flowers, sweetly recalling the earlier name of "Mary's Rest." In the blossoming hedges, or in the cool, green depths of the woods, one catches sight now and again of the wild arum, the "Manteau de la Sainte Vierge" of France, with its pallid spathe and mysterious spadix. And as one sees the purple or pale crimson pillar rising up in the midst of its hood-like tabernacle of faintest green, one understands how the arum came to be looked upon in the old days as an adumbration of those Cathedral niches enshrining sacred forms, and won its name, "Our Lord and our Lady."<sup>2</sup>

But on every side cluster the primroses, fresh as newly-risen cream, the "Frauen Schlüssel" or key flowers of Germany, which are supposed to open, by the hand of the Blessed Virgin, the gates of spring ; and the misty whiteness of the blossoming blackthorn is replaced by the fuller, richer sprays and clusters of the may.

"The dew of the month of May with the fragrance of the holy little flowers," has come, and, as of old, no fitter offering can be found to lay at the feet of our Lady than a wreath of snowy may blossoms. Lilies, also, do honour to the month—

lilies, by whose odour known  
The way of life is followed.

Lilies of the valley, always emblematical of purity, "Our Lady's Tears," as they have been called, and later on the beautiful lily (*Lilium candidum*), especially dedicated to the Blessed Virgin—the "white lily flower" of all time.

Then come the roses, the wild roses in the hedges, and the roses in the gardens, crowning the summer with beauty, and

<sup>1</sup> Katherine Tynan.

<sup>2</sup> This is an explanation of the name "Lords and Ladies" given by an authority on the subject of sacred flower-lore, A. E. P. R. Dowling, and it seems a reasonable explanation.

speaking for ever of that Mystical Rose "in which the Word Divine became incarnate."

Herself a rose, who bore the Rose,  
 She bore the Rose and felt its thorn.  
 All loveliness new born  
 Took on her bosom its repose  
 And slept and woke there night and morn.

Vague reminiscences come to one of the rose-leaves strewing the streets of foreign cities in the month of August, the month of the Assumption; white-robed children carry baskets of roses in the gorgeous processions that pass by, and every church and wayside chapel is full of their fragrance. One thinks of these things in August, and in September, when the roses are over, the bryony takes up the story. On the hedgerows the graceful vine waves and twines, with its glossy, heart-shaped leaves, and clusters of crimson and transparent berries; and one sees in imagination the home at Nazareth—the home of the Blessed Virgin—where the bryony also grew, and where it grows to this day, winning its name of *Sigel*, or *Our Lady's Vine*. But presently the leaves of the bryony turn to tawny gold and the autumnal winds sweep them away—as they sweep away all summer foliage. Winter comes, and the countryside grows bleak and desolate, not a flower is to be seen in the hedgerows or in the woods, and all seem lifeless until one suddenly comes upon a gleam of brightness shining through the leafless branches of the trees, a flicker of yellow-green leaves, and upon the knarled and lichen-covered bough of some old thorn or crab-tree, appears a plant of mistletoe in all the mysterious beauty of its alien growth.

Rod of Jesse, Christ's rod. How easy it is to understand how that golden branch, appearing out of the midst of winter's barrenness, came to be looked upon as a type of the Incarnation.

For heavenly flower she is the Jesse rod,  
 The child of man, the parent of a God!

But the story of the mistletoe is continued in that great holly-tree on the hillside, clothed in glistening greenness and with scarlet berries thick among its prickly leaves. Standing out against the sombre sky it looks a very centre of brightness and warmth, and one after another the names given in sacred plant-lore come into one's mind.

In May the white and waxen flowers had shadowed forth innocence and purity, but now the blood-red fruit has become

an emblem of infinite love—the burning and unquenchable flame of Divinity. The holly is our “holy tree,” “Mary’s Tree,” the “Modryb Marya” of Cornwall; the better known “Christmas;” and it is a type not only of the Passion of our Lord, but of that Burning Bush of holiest significance, the “Tree of Flame” in which the artists of olden times depicted the Blessed Virgin and our Lord enthroned.<sup>1</sup>

O Mother Maid ! O Maid and Mother free !  
O bush unburnt ! burning in Moses’ sight !  
That down didst ravish from the Deity  
Through humbleness, that Spirit that did alight  
Upon thy heart, whence, through that glory’s might,  
Conceivèd was the Father’s sapience.

These words of invocation from the “Prioress’ Tale” give the clew to the old representations of the Burning Bush; and as the mistletoe is a type of the Incarnation, so the holly-tree is a type of the Nativity.

But it is, indeed, these holy mysteries that every flower and tree has sung, in greater or in less degree, and who can refuse to listen to their sweet voices—who can refuse to read what is so plainly written?

“All Thy creatures, O Lord, do invite me to love Thee, and in every one of them I see, as it were, a tongue that publishes Thy goodness and greatness. The beauty of the heavens, the clearness of the sun and moon, the glistening of the stars, the brightness of the planets, the running streams of water, the greenness of the fields, the diversity of flowers, the variety of colours, and all that ever Thy Divine goodness hath framed, O God of my heart and Spouse of my soul, do say unto me that I should love Thee. All that ever I behold, inviteth me to Thy love and blameth me when I love Thee not. I cannot open my eyes without seeing preachers of Thine exceeding high wisdom, nor open my ears without hearing publishers of Thy goodness: for all that Thou hast made doth tell me, O Lord, what Thou art; all things created do show the love of the Creator.”<sup>2</sup>

C. H.

<sup>1</sup> A. E. P. R. Dowling, *Exultet Terra*.

<sup>2</sup> *A Hundred Meditations on the Love of God*. By Father Robert Southwell, S.J.

## *Aspects of the Renaissance.*

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### III.—ERASMUS. THE OLD AND THE NEW LEARNING.

#### PART II.

THE most brilliant period of his life now began. All Europe was at his feet, but the most flattering invitations were powerless to attract him. Francis I., who esteemed him a greater Greek scholar than Budæus—his most formidable rival and a Frenchman to boot—failed to entice him to his Court. The Pope's invitation, couched in the most honourable terms, was not accepted, in spite of all that Erasmus had written about the delights of Rome; and Henry VIII.'s offer of a pension of six hundred florins and a benefice besides, if he would settle in England, was also declined. He paid, however, a fifth and last visit to England on the occasion of the festivities of the Field of the Cloth of Gold; but he settled finally about this time at Basle, on account of the religious troubles that were harassing his own country. His choice of Basle as a residence over any other city, is accounted for by the fact of his favourite printer, Froben, having set up his presses there.

Between the years 1517 and 1523, his work was prodigious. Besides an edition of the original Greek text of the New Testament, he prepared a Latin translation of the same, and wrote his celebrated Paraphrase on the New Testament. Of all his works, perhaps this last caused the least adverse criticism generally. Its chief opponent was Edward Lee, a man of intemperate zeal, more papal than the Pope, who first circulated unfriendly reports of its author, and then published a violent attack on him. Lee's principal accusation was that Erasmus had introduced novel phrases into the New Testament, and he tried to get up an agitation with the object of throwing discredit on the writer. Erasmus was fully avenged of Lee later on, for Henry VIII. having made him Archbishop of York, he yielded in the most supine manner to the King's command, and acknowledged his supremacy.

A preacher at Paul's Cross, named Standish, also attacked Erasmus and accused him of innovating on a passage in the seventh chapter of St. John, upon which the author of the Paraphrase defended his conduct at great length in a disquisition on the Greek original. Soon afterwards, Standish was dining with the King and Queen, and took occasion to abuse the writings of Erasmus. Raising his eyes to heaven in a theatrical manner, he implored his Majesty to succour the Spouse of Christ, if no one else should come to the rescue. One of the courtiers mimicking Standish's voice and attitude, begged him to point out the dangerous heresies of which he complained. A ridiculous controversy followed, betraying the gross ignorance of Standish.<sup>1</sup> Such attacks as these did far more harm to religion than any possible error in Erasmus' books. There is an amusing letter from Sir Thomas More, in answer to one which he had received from a monk, expressing apprehension lest More should be corrupted, and the salvation of his soul endangered by his intimacy with Erasmus. He thanks his correspondent for his excessive zeal in dashing over rocks and precipices, at the imminent hazard of his neck, to save More from stumbling, who is leisurely walking in perfect security on level ground. Why, he asks in another letter, if the works of Erasmus are injurious, do the monks sacrifice their peace of mind by reading them? He thought it was forbidden to them to read bad books. Henry at last put an end to the dispute in England by enforcing silence on the accusers of Erasmus, who at the slightest imputation of unorthodoxy always declared that he submitted in all things to the authority of the Church.

"The decrees of the Catholic Church," he wrote in answer to Luther's treatise, *De servo arbitrio*, "have so much weight for me, that even if my limited understanding were to be unable to grasp what the Church commands, I should still hold fast to her, as to an oracle proceeding from God." Again, he writes to his friend Bilibaldus, in 1527: "People should not marvel that I hold to the interpretation of the Church in explaining the Holy Scriptures, for it is her authority that makes me accept those same Scriptures, and induces me to believe them."

But Erasmus hated controversy; he liked to cavil unrestrainedly, to flatter when it pleased him, and to make his enemies writhe in mental anguish at the venomous utterances

<sup>1</sup> Brewer, Cal. iii. pt. i. p. 929.

of his sharp tongue. He is the cynic *par excellence* of the sixteenth century, and cares less about reforms than to stigmatize the authors of abuses. His attitude, however, with regard to the Lutherans, is far less ambiguous than it has sometimes been supposed. If in the beginning he declared that Luther had given good advice, and that it was only to be desired that he should go to work in a gentler manner, when it became clear that he meant to create a schism, Erasmus regretted ever having said anything in his praise. Henceforth all the efforts of the Reformers to get him to say a word in their favour were fruitless. Œcolampadius, in the Preface to his Commentary on Isaias, spoke of him as *magnus Erasmus noster*, which made him more angry than if he had spoken ill of him. He had given Œcolampadius excellent advice, when he announced his intention of becoming a monk, and he neither absolved nor condemned him when he left his monastery; but hearing that he had taken a wife, he exclaimed: "Some call Lutheranism a tragedy; I call it a comedy, where the trouble commonly ends in a wedding."<sup>1</sup>

Ulrich von Hutten having escaped to Basle in 1522, Erasmus refused to see him. In revenge, Hutten wrote his passionate *Expostulatio*, in which he accuses him of "lies, deceit, unquenchable ambition, shallowness, childish terror, envy of Luther's fame, want of character, and of inconsistency in always declaring that he submitted to the Church, while, in common with the Lutherans, he was always seeking to reform the Pope, disclosing the evils of the Papal Court, despising Bulls, Indulgences," &c. Erasmus answered him in his *Sponge against Hutten's aspersions*,<sup>2</sup> repudiating all inconsistency in his dealings with the Roman See. He had never approved, he said, of the tyranny and rapine which even in ancient times had been censured by upright and honest men in the Church; he had never spoken against Indulgences, with the exception of those granted for the extortion of money; neither had he rejected Canon Law and Papal decrees. What Hutten might mean by reforming the Pope, he did not rightly understand. Then he continues: "All will, I think, agree that the Church is in Rome, for the multitude of evils do not prevent the continued existence of the Church, otherwise we should have no churches at all. And I believe that her faith is sound, for although some godless men are contained within her communion, the Church continues to

<sup>1</sup> Eras. Epist. 951.<sup>2</sup> *Spongia adversus Aspergines Hutteni*. Basle, 1523, p. 62.



exist in the good. To this Church I think a Bishop would be granted. He would be allowed to be called a Metropolitan, as there are so many Archbishops in places where no apostle has ever been, while, without doubt, Rome possesses in Peter and Paul the chief of the Apostles. What is there, then, absurd in giving to the Metropolitan, the Roman Bishop, the first place?" He then goes on to qualify in some degree what he has said, and shows that although he held the Catholic doctrine of the Supremacy of the Pope as it was then defined, he did not anticipate the dogma of Papal Infallibility.

His tone, in addressing the Popes personally, was extremely obsequious. On May 1, 1515, he wrote from London to Leo X. a letter beginning with these words: "When one considers your sublimity, most Holy Father, even princes should fear to importune with letters one whose majesty exceeds that of all mankind, and who is placed as far above other mortals as they themselves are raised above the animals, standing like a Divine being among men."<sup>1</sup> Writing to the same Pope, in 1516, he calls him "the greatest among the great," and declares that through him the golden era will be re-established. Three years later he addresses him "as the most high Vicar of Christ, and the Interpreter of the Divine Will." He tells him that he has "dedicated his edition of the New Testament to him as to a Divinity." Erasmus wrote many letters in this strain. One addressed to Clement VII. in 1528, ends thus: "I have opened my heart to your Holiness as the Vicar of Christ, or as to Christ Himself; and as I wish that He may be gracious to me at the Last Judgment, there is no hypocrisy in what I say. If your Holiness will command me anything, you will find in me a lamb ready to be slain."

Nevertheless, in Rome, Erasmus was generally supposed to hold unorthodox opinions with regard to the Primacy. His fierce enemy, the Spanish Dominican, Stunica, made a collection of all the ambiguous expressions with reference to the Apostolic See, scattered throughout his works, and published them.<sup>2</sup> Erasmus exculpated himself in his *Apologia ad J. L. Stunicam*, and remarked scornfully in a letter to Sylvester Prierias, Luther's well-known adversary, "In spite of the Stunicas and such like sycophants, I beg for permission to remain orthodox."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Eras. Epist. 66. Edit. Bas. 1529.

<sup>2</sup> Franz Otto Stichert, *Erasmus von Rotterdam*. Seine Stellung zu der Kirche.

<sup>3</sup> Eras. Epist. Edit. Bas. 1529, p. 769.

But the monks were, and continued to be, his natural enemies. The ignorant among them hated him for his stinging witticisms at their expense, the learned, for the discredit which he had cast on their Orders; and charity having in those days grown cold, there was nothing to prevent the hail of invectives with which they returned his sarcasms. His feud with the Dominicans was perhaps more deadly than with any other Order. In their library at Venice, they had set up two rows of wooden statues, one row representing the Catholic, the other the heretical doctors. Among the latter they placed Erasmus, loaded with chains and covered with labels, on which uncomplimentary remarks were written. His more moderate enemies were content to represent him as hanging between Heaven and Hell. The chief accusation they brought against him was that he was a secret friend of Lutheranism; but he poured out his complaints of them to the Pope, beseeching him not to give ear to the calumnies spread against him. He was told that nothing would stop malicious tongues more effectually than a book from his pen against Luther's doctrines, and distasteful as the task was to him, he at last set to work. The result was a treatise on free-will, addressed to Luther, and published in 1525.

Two years passed before Luther undertook to answer it; for as long as it existed only in Latin, which none but the learned could read, he could afford to ignore it. But Emser and Cochläus having translated the work into German, he felt himself obliged to take notice of it. His reply was so violent that even his friends disapproved. Melancthon exclaimed that he wished to God Luther had been silent! Erasmus had argued with moderation and good sense, his whole treatise resolving itself into this conclusion—the co-operation of grace with free-will. The first incentive to good must be solely attributed to grace, the consent and progress to man's free-will, and the crowning of the good work to grace alone, which is the principal means throughout. Thus, men do good works, but imperfectly, by reason of their infirmity; consequently they may not glorify themselves. They have merit which they owe to God, and they have also free-will, but it is powerless to act for good without vivifying grace.<sup>1</sup>

Luther's answer contained doctrine so horrible as to be repugnant to every reasonable mind. Free-will, he asserted,

<sup>1</sup> Fleury, *Histoire Ecclesiastique*, vol. xviii. p. 106.

was not extinguished in man by the Fall, for it was impossible that any creature should enjoy an attribute belonging to God alone, whose foreknowledge and providence caused all things to be. His immutable, eternal, and inevitable will crushed out and destroyed all other free-will, a quality unsuitable to men or angels or any creature whatever. By arguing thus, Luther was forced logically to make God the author of all crime, and he did not shrink from the consequences, boldly declaring that God operated both good and evil in man. The greatest perfection attainable by man was belief in the justice of God, although by the sheer arbitrary force of His will, He should render mankind worthy of damnation, appearing in a manner to rejoice in the punishment of the wicked.

Erasmus rejoined with his *Hyperaspistes*, in two volumes, consisting mainly of personal attacks on Luther. It remained unanswered, but henceforth, Luther's hatred of Erasmus was complete. Jortin considered that Seckendorf, in his defence of Luther's book, *De servo arbitrio*, or, Will in bondage, should have argued that there being no such thing as free-will, Luther was *necessitated* to write as he did.<sup>1</sup>

But the dispute with Luther was a mere episode in the wonderful literary activity of this extraordinary man. In the interval between 1521 and 1529, besides writing treatises on various religious subjects, Erasmus translated from Greek into Latin, the works of St. Athanasius, of Origen, and of St. Chrysostom; superintended a new edition of his famous *Colloquia*, and edited the works of St. Irenæus, St. Hilary, St. Ambrose, as well as those of Seneca and the elder Pliny. His distinction between the Fathers of the Church and his favourite pagan authors was not very marked. Certain of the ancients, such as Virgil and Horace, seemed to him to bear the stamp of holiness. "I can scarcely help praying," he says in one of his *Dialogues*, "St. Socrates, pray for us."<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile, that phase of the Renaissance which is styled the Reformation had made great progress at Basle. The Lutherans had stormed the city gates (Feb. 1529), had invaded the churches, destroying altars and images, and had compelled the town council at the cannon's mouth to abolish the Mass, and to banish it for ever from the city and its neighbourhood. When things had settled down, it was found that the dogma-

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Erasmus*, vol. i. p. 397.

<sup>2</sup> *Colloquia familiaria in convivium religiosum*.

tizing of the Reformers far exceeded the dogmatizing of Rome, and tyranny was the order of the day. Erasmus wrote to Henry VIII., that no printer in that town dared print anything which contained the least reflection on Luther, but any one might write what he chose about the Pope. Later on, his words to the Archbishop of Cologne are significant also.<sup>1</sup> "I abhor the Evangelicals," he writes, "as for other reasons, so because it is through them that literature is declining in every place, entertained with coldness and contempt, and upon the point of perishing. And without letters, what is life? We have been deafened long enough with the cry of Gospel, Gospel, Gospel! We want Gospel manners." He would have departed to the Netherlands, but his infirmities made it difficult for him to undertake a long journey, and he feared that his inability to abstain from meat in Lent might scandalize weak brethren in those parts. Even the smell of fish made him sick, for which reason he had obtained a dispensation from the Pope. He used to say jestingly, that his stomach was Lutheran, but his heart Catholic.

When the Cathedral Chapter of Basle migrated to Freiburg, Erasmus went also, and continued there his life of marvellous industry, in spite of ever-increasing pain and disease, for about six years. He lived on friendly terms with the Franciscans, whose convent adjoined his house, so that he could sing with them in his room without entering the church; but he continued to rail against the monks. In 1535, he returned to Basle, for the purpose of bringing out his edition of Origen, and although it was evident that his end was drawing near, he continued to work without intermission; and even when his malady took a fatal turn and he was confined to his bed, he continued to arrange his letters for publication. Three days before his death, Froben, Amerbach, and Episcopius, whom he had appointed executors to his will, came to see him, and he told them that he beheld in them Job's three friends, asking them, with a smile, why they had not rent their clothes, and put ashes on their heads. He died in the night from the 11th to the 12th July, breathing these words in full consciousness, *O Jesu misericordia! Domine libera me! Domine fac finem! Domine miserere mei!* Much has been said of the non-attendance of a priest at his bedside; probably not one was to be found in Basle, and this may account for his unwillingness to die in an entirely Protestant

<sup>1</sup> Eras. Epist. 952.

town. A month before his death, he had declared in a letter to the Bürgermeister, Francis Bonvalot, that he would suffer no one infected with the new doctrines to remain in his house. Yet his enemies said that he died *sine crux, sine lux, sine Deus*. All the works of Erasmus, amounting to eleven volumes folio, including his letters, were printed at Basle in 1540. His letters were reprinted in England in 1642; and Le Clerc (otherwise Clericus) brought out an edition of all his works at Leyden in 1703. Le Clerc's edition, which contains twelve hundred and ninety-nine letters, is followed by an appendix of five hundred and seventeen undated ones. They are all in Latin, and it is curious to note his ineptitude for every modern language. His style is that of a man who has spent all his life in reading, writing, and speaking Latin. He never learned Italian or English, thought French a barbarous language, and probably almost forgot his mother-tongue.

In Erasmus we have an epitome of the Renaissance of classical letters. The revival of learning was the object of his existence. If he loved money, it was that he might buy books, if liberty, that he might enjoy them, if work, that he might spread the knowledge of them. "What is life without letters!" he exclaims, towards the end of his career, and in these words, himself solves the riddle of his character, about which so many disputes have arisen. He is the pioneer of the New Learning; and Colet, and Fisher, More, Grocyn, and Linacre are not so much his private friends as his colleagues and fellow-labourers. If he is pitiless in his onslaught against the pedantry of an effete scholasticism, he is none the less keen to discern the fallacies underlying the pretentious claims of the Reformers. When he has pronounced them enemies to learning, as far as he is concerned, the last word has been spoken.

While their part in the drama of the Renaissance may be described as a revolt from legitimate authority caused by the new craving for religious independence and novelty, that of Erasmus was entirely confined to the revival of classical and Patristic literature, in the service of the cause which they had abandoned.

J. M. STONE.

*The Legend of the Counted Footsteps.*

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THE way is long and rugged, which my feet  
Have trodden on the stony mountain-side  
From day to day, and then from week to week,  
From month to month, for many a weary year,  
Downward and upward, from my lonely cell  
High on the mountain top, where no man comes,—  
To where amid the trees, the ferns, the flowers,  
Far in the peaceful valley, ceaselessly  
Up-wells the cooling fountain :—this the way  
That I have travelled, 'neath the summer sun,  
'Mid snows of winter ; when the warring winds  
Raged round me fiercely, with the rushing noise  
Of countless wings, with weird, long, echoing cries,  
As of lost souls in torment : when the mist  
Hid all the world of men, as with a veil  
White and impenetrable, when the hills,  
The smiling valleys, all the lowly homes  
Of love and toil, were blotted out of sight,  
As if they were not : when the riven crags  
Amid whose clefts I dwell these many years,—  
Where only God, and His bright Angel host,  
With His sweet Mother and the Holy Saints  
Have ever communed with me, seemed to float  
Upon a white, illimitable sea  
That stretched into the infinitude of God.

There, 'mid the wrack, as in a sick man's dream,  
Strange faces came and went, and Angels' wings

Gleamed 'mid the whiteness, as the moonlight gleams  
On snows of winter, while the shadows hid,  
—Yet could not hide—the gloomy hosts of Hell ;  
And silently, between the light and dark,  
—As in a vision,—with no warlike cries,  
No noise of jarring weapons, Angels strove  
Against the foes infernal, and the prize,  
The crown of victory, was my poor soul,  
Bought with a price tremendous, and redeemed  
With the dear Blood of God ; not mine, but His  
Who died for me ; Whose blessed Angels still  
Have striven, and shall strive until the end ;—  
Till—in His arms Who made me, in His love—  
My soul is safe, with Him, for evermore.

So 'mid the rain and sunshine, and the mist,  
The warring winds, the whirling flakes of snow,  
From day to day, at morn, at noon, at eve,  
The narrow path was worn :—but now, my feet  
Full often stumble ; yet the cruel thirst  
That racks and burns me, as the lost are burned  
In flames eternal, will not let me stay.  
Water ! I must have water ! Summer suns  
And winter winds have made me worn and frail :  
The burning passions of my early years  
Are dead, and long forgotten : O my Lord !  
Thou knowest that the way is long and rough  
From the far summit, where Thou bad'st me dwell,  
To the blest water, at the mountain's foot  
Welling incessantly. Yet Thou, of old,  
Weary of journeying in the noon-tide heat,  
Did'st sit and rest beside the wayside well,  
Did'st ask for water, thirsty ;—I, Thy slave  
Thy meanest servant, fain would slake my thirst  
From day to day ; but, oh ! my steps are slow



With weight of years and sorrows, and the way  
Seems longer, steeper daily : O my Lord,  
Give Thou Thine Angels charge concerning me,  
Thy feeble one ; Lord ! in their mighty hands  
Still may they bear me safely, lest my feet  
Grow weary with the way that I must tread  
Going or coming. Lord ! Thy blessed Feet  
Grew oft-times weary on the dusty ways  
Of that blest land where Thou did'st dwell with men,  
A Man of toils and griefs ; for three long years,  
No rest was Thine, no place to lay Thine Head,  
O Son of Man ; and now, behold ! O Lord,  
I most unworthy, I, the least of all  
Of those who do Thee service,—fain would share  
In all Thy pains and sorrows ;—from the hour  
When Thy faint Infant-cry made glad the heart  
Of Thy Most Holy Mother, till the day  
When Thy last sigh, upon the Cross of shame,  
Pierced that sweet Mother's Heart as with a sword,  
Most sharp, most cruel :—so, from day to day,  
When morning wakes me, till the setting sun  
Calls me to rest, I offer up, O Lord !  
All that I think, or do, or bear, to fill  
The measure of Thy sufferings :—yet the way  
Grows longer, steeper daily.

Lord ! of old  
Thy Servant smote upon a rock, and lo !  
The living water :—not for me, Thy slave,  
Such wondrous gift ; I am not worthy, Lord,  
The least of all Thy favours : Master mine,  
Thyself did'st choose for me my heritage,  
Thy Spirit led me, and Thy blessed Hand  
Laid down for me the limits of my lot,  
Where I should sojourn ; not for me to change

What Thou hast ordered for me :—yet the way  
Grows longer, steeper daily, and to-day,  
Scarce can I lift my weary feet, to tread  
The daily path Thou bidd'st me journey :

“One!”

Surely an echo, or a falling stone  
On which my foot had stumbled, or the cry  
Of some lone mountain-bird that called its mate,  
High overhead ; and yet the word seemed plain,  
As if one murmured, counting :

“Two!” Once more

The whisper,—was it ? But I cannot hear  
The night winds sighing, or the song of birds  
As once I heard them, when in manhood's prime  
—God knows how long ago, I may not count  
The years of faulty service—first I came,  
To this lone mountain top : not now for me  
The hymns of nature, at the twilight hour,  
When shadows creep upon the weary world  
Lulling to quiet rest and slumber.

“Three!”

“Lord of my life, reveal to me, Thy slave,  
What means this whisper, counting. Lo! I kneel  
Here, where the way is hardest ; O my Lord!  
I am not worthy to entreat Thy face  
Even for this, yet, for Thy Mother's sake,  
For her sweet intercession, oh, reveal  
The meaning of the message.”

“Lo! the steps

Slow, faint and feeble, of thy pilgrimage,  
Have all been counted daily, one by one,  
Not one forgotten ; I have marked them all,  
Have known the summer's heat, the winter snow,  
The driving rain, the wind, the blinding mist,

That hid the world from sight ; and I have seen  
Thy toil, thy penance ; known the weary weight  
Of years and sorrows : how the rugged way  
Grew longer, steeper daily : every step  
Which thou hast taken, I have taken too.  
Thy way was Mine, thy weary, way-worn feet  
But trod the path where I had passed before  
With bleeding Feet ; thus, every step of thine  
Through all the weary days and months and years  
Have I remembered, daily ; each has been  
Part of thy share of suffering, and shall be  
Crowned with reward eternal. Weary not  
To tread the oft-trod journey yet awhile,  
A little while ; for, surely, at the end,  
Will I hold out My Hand to welcome thee,  
My fellow-traveller, who hast walked with Me,  
From day to day, along the path that leads  
Home to My Father's House."

" O Lord, my Lord !

I ask no more ; let me but walk with Thee,  
Then, though the way be long, and rough, and hard,  
I shall not fear to tread it, for it leads,  
Sooner or late, to Thee :—so let it be ! "

FRANCIS W. GREY.

## *A Modern Achates.*

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### CHAPTER XL.

These are the spiders of society ;  
They web their petty web of lies and sneers.—*L. E. L.*

THREE years had passed away since Lilius Fitzgerald's marriage. They had been years of tranquil happiness.

Edmund to all appearance had grown stronger. He had gone through his Parliamentary duties more easily, winning each year a higher position. He was regarded in his county as a good landlord, a good magistrate, a neighbour to be proud of. Still very quiet and grave in manner, there was a brightness in his smile that had not always been there. A new flood of happiness had been poured into his life. It seemed almost that he had little left to wish for, but even whilst he thus thought a change was at hand.

The last two Sessions had been long and important, full of grave doubts and anxious questions, which meant hard work and little rest ; which meant also a longer stay in London, in the hot, close weather, a less personal intervention in the education of his ward—for such Herbert had now become. Major Devereux had died shortly after the change of guardianship had been effected ; and even before his death, Edmund had held himself responsible, in some degree, on account of the Major's absence in India, and the consequent impossibility of active supervision on his part.

At first all had seemed to prosper. For several months after his cousin's death, the Earl, so far from opposing Edmund's views, had left the arrangements entirely in his hands. Herbert had been placed with a tutor in the south of England—a well-informed, sensible man, who had a few other pupils of the same age and standing, and strove conscientiously to do his duty by them. The summer vacations were to be divided between the Grange and the Abbey ; the Christmas vacation was to be

spent at the Grange, as Edmund considered the boy too young to mingle in the gay parties at the Abbey.

After about a year, however, these arrangements were upset by a sudden move upon the tutor's part : he was offered a post of some emolument in London, and determined to give up his pupils and accept it. Edmund was not at once ready to supply his place ; Reginald was. A certain Mr. Harding, who had once been tutor to himself, had settled down at Eldesley—a man highly recommended and well accustomed to the task of training and educating young men ; and Reginald, with a kindly remembrance of the time spent with him, was anxious that Herbert should also study under him.

The arrangement did not give Edmund entire satisfaction, although he could hardly perhaps have told himself the reason. During his intercourse with Reginald, in his visits to the Abbey, or in the latter's brief trips to London, in their occasional conferences on the subject of the guardianship, their friendship had been as close as ever. Not the slightest shadow of a difference had as yet occurred to shake their mutual confidence. Each year indeed had seemed to strengthen Lord Gletherton's admiration for the character of his friend, to knit the bonds of brotherhood still closer ; and Edmund, watching anxiously yet hopefully, still trusted in Reginald's warm, true feelings, the honesty of his nature, the generosity of his character, even though the old failings of pride and obstinacy were growing stronger, and the old affectionate submission lessening with increasing contact with the world.

But whilst there was yet a fair sky above them, and a friendship without the shadow of a cloud, there were storms brewing in the distance for which neither were prepared ; as often, after a hot and lovely summer day, the thunder-cloud gathers almost suddenly and the lightning-flash, and the drops of heavy rain come well-nigh without warning upon us. Mr. Manley was a frequent guest at the Abbey—much more frequent now than Edmund guessed. His presence had grown to be so natural there, that Cora's letters scarcely noticed it ; and if Edmund, when visiting at the Abbey, had more than once met his rival there, it had never been hinted to him how seldom he was absent.

Reginald, in fact, stood in need of a companion. There were not many young men of his own age at Gletherton. Charley Montague had married Sybil, and gone to London,

having been called lately to the bar. Henry Seaham was now in Parliament, being elected for a Scotch borough in which his father had some property. He was now as great a loss to Reginald as he was undoubtedly a gain to Edmund; and with Mrs. Fitzgerald posing as an invalid, and Cora mostly in attendance on her or on Lady Julia, Lord Gletherton grew more and more dependent upon Frederick, who, a keen sportsman and huntsman, found the Abbey greatly to his taste. He was fond of power, too, and he influenced Reginald more deeply and more often than the latter was aware of; but his influence, unlike that of Edmund Charlton, was founded on self-interest, and fostered the weaknesses of Reginald's character rather than its strength. These last three years, while in many ways developing his character, had tended to strengthen the latent tendencies of his nature: his pride, his temper, his love of pleasure had alike grown. Only on one point was he invincible: no sneer, no persuasions would make him a gambler, like the man who tempted him. That scene at Monte Carlo rose ever before his eyes; those words of warning—the only harsh ones he had ever heard from his friend's lips—were in his ears, whenever he was fain at times to overstep the boundary; and (fume as Frederick might, nay, *did*) he laid the same restraint on Herbert also. Edmund knew this, and thanked God in his heart that his words had done so good a work; but he did not know the grudge that Frederick bore to him, for this and other deeds as true and good; nor the baleful fruit which in the near distance was to be its outcome.

As months went past, Frederick grew bolder, and began to play his cards more openly. The Abbey was dull that winter: the Seahams were on the continent, Edmund was in London, and little going on at Gletherton; Reginald bored and finding little to do. The frost had stopped the hunting for the time; he had no in-door occupation to fall back upon; and the gay man of the world had a fascination in his talk, in his manner, to which Reginald had been subjugated easily.

Edmund had long foreseen this; had feared it, years before it came to pass; had warned Lord Gletherton not once, but many times, and in so doing had drawn upon himself the certain hatred of the man against whom he strove. He could not help it. He had learned the falsity of Frederick's friendship, and would fain have snatched the bitter draught from the lips of his friends. But Reginald preferred to taste it first.

Since then the struggle for the victory had steadily grown stronger : more anxious on the part of Edmund, more embittered on that of Frederick. There was another cloud between them now. Frederick had lost, Edmund had won—Lilias, and Frederick had vowed, and the oath was not forgotten, that he would ruin the man who should thus foil him. Edmund was the man who had succeeded to his failure, and, in so far at least as he could reach him, he should suffer for having done so.

It seemed to Frederick, these last few months especially, that the task would not after all be difficult. To part him from the Earl; to break the long, close friendship, would be the cruellest blow that he now could deal to him; and much as Reginald loved Edmund, there were other chords in his impulsive nature which had deeper roots even than his love. Great as was the debt which he owed to Edmund, Reginald could be made to forget everything, if only his pride and obstinacy were fully roused. This much, if nothing else, Frederick had learnt at Cannes, yet the task was not an easy one, even for him, unscrupulous and daring as of late years he had become. The Earl could certainly be roused to anger, could speak bitterly and with scant justice. He had done so once before, but the dispute had been forgotten, the breach bridged over, the friendship knit again more firmly even than before. There had been feuds of long standing between the Fitzgeralds of Gletherton, but they had usually been among themselves. How could a lasting coolness be declared when Edmund held the olive-branch perpetually in his hand, when he was ever ready to excuse, to pardon, even to forget? There was but one way to effect his purpose, the offence must come from Edmund, that Reginald's forgiveness might be withheld. Frederick did not care about the means he used, he cared but little for the consequences. Harm whom he might it mattered little, could he at last revenge himself on Edmund; and he had long since satisfied himself that through Herbert he could best attain his end. Reginald had shown him Edmund's letter touching the guardianship, and he had understood its meaning better and more fully than Reginald had done. He had sneered a little even then about Edmund's love of mastery; had hinted that the Earl's guardianship would be virtually at an end; that he must content himself henceforth to be held a cipher, but had still pressed him to accept the arrangement, and thus rid himself of a responsibility which, sooner or later,



would prove irksome to him. Then, his advice taken, the affair concluded, the brief coldness over, he allowed matters for a time to go on smoothly, for a time, only for a time. He had made his plans, but he must not hasten them; he must move slowly, to succeed more surely; and while secretly rejoicing at Herbert's removal to Eldesley, was far too cautious and too circumspect to interfere further.

When Edmund returned in the summer to the Grange, he found no cause of complaint against either Herbert or his tutor. Herbert met him frankly and gratefully, told him honestly alike of success and failure, the Latin prize that he had won, the Greek that he had failed in; his love of music and of drawing, his distaste for algebra and metaphysics. He told also of his tutor's kindness, of his long rides with Reginald on half-holidays, his visits to the Abbey (where he often spent the Sunday), and listened respectfully to Edmund's kindly counsels, so that Liliás, pleased and satisfied, wrote a panegyric to Aunt Julia, "Dear Herbert was quite wonderfully improved."

But when February again called Mr. Charlton to London, the aspect of affairs began gradually to change. The Abbey, usually dull, became suddenly gay, and Herbert shared in everything. He soon became fascinated by Mr. Manley, as the Earl had been, as many people were, on first acquaintance. His studies became more distasteful and more desultory. Mr. Harding, in awe of his patron and former pupil, expostulated feebly, and finally gave way. "It was only for a day or two," said Reginald, "the boy would study all the better for it afterwards. The hunting-field was healthier for a growing lad than constant poring over books." Then later on: "The skating was extra good, it wouldn't last, they ought to make the most of it." But it *did* last, and the studies were neglected. Edmund had written often, had heard from Herbert also, but less often than he wished or liked. The letters made little mention of the Abbey gaieties, but sufficient was said to convince Edmund that Herbert was not studying as steadily as he should do. A grave remonstrance brought a brief amendment, then the old reckless course began again. At Easter Edmund came as usual to the Grange, and Herbert spent a few days with him. Edmund was over-worked and altogether ill. He had caught a bad cold, somehow, Liliás said, and had not been able to shake it off. She hoped the change of air might help him, and really he must not work so hard; but she

looked worried and anxious, and even Herbert, thoughtless as he was, could not but be startled at the change in his guardian, in the short three months since they had met. "He coughed so frequently," he said afterwards, "and seemed so tired."

Nevertheless, Edmund was not too ill to question Herbert on his progress, and in their many talks together, something was said naturally about the visits to the Abbey.

"You seem to have had 'lots of fun,' Herbert," he said on one of these occasions, "I hope your studies are not allowed to suffer?"

"I think not. I hope not," was Herbert's answer. "Mr. Harding says that I am sure to pass." (Alluding to an approaching examination.)

"That is well," returned Edmund, kindly. "I think that I can trust you; I wish you to have fitting recreation, but it must not be all play and no work."

Herbert's conscience pricked him somewhat, but Lilius changed the subject.

"It is holiday-time now," she said, pleasantly. Alas, she little knew how long those holidays had been.

On his return to Eldesley, Herbert studied rather more diligently. At the examination he succeeded fairly, being naturally quick and clever, and Edmund, though slightly disappointed, had no reasonable complaint to offer.

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## CHAPTER XLI.

It is the little rift within the lute,  
Which by and by will make its answer mute,  
And ever-widening slowly silence all.—*Tennyson.*

THE summer was now far advanced. Edmund, delayed in London by his duties, had only just returned to the Grange; but he gave no summer *fêtes* this year. He was not equal to it, he felt; he needed rest, as Lilius said; others put it in plainer words. Reginald, when he came over, saw that he was ill, reported him "looking delicate" to his mother on his return. "He had over-worked himself; he always did; well, it was a lesson to him to take things easily next Session; he must work less hard." Then, sanguine, and not far-seeing, Lord Gletherton dismissed the brief anxiety; filled the Abbey with guests for an Agricultural Show at Oxminster; and asked his

sister and her husband there for the occasion. They did not come; but, on the first day of the Show, drove thither from the Grange to meet the Abbey party, when the change in Edmund struck the Earl still more, nor was he the only one to comment upon it.

"I'd have a thorough rest, if I were you, Charlton," he said, presently, as they sauntered slowly through the Show, looking with but half-hearted interest at the short-horns and South Downs; thinking of other things more near to each of them; and the Earl watching with a strange uncomfortable consciousness of ill, the flushed cheek, the brilliant flash in the dark eyes, the slower step, the slight bend in the once soldierly frame. "You look thoroughly 'done up,' and cough as you did that time in London. Don't you remember, Edmund? what you were told then? *rest*, a real good *rest* was what you wanted; why not try it now?"

"The case is different. I want rest now, even more than I did then, and I am going to take it; but I do not want the rest of the prescription. I was lonely—'hipped' as you would call it—and I wanted change. My life is all that I could wish it now, Reginald." Then in a lower tone: "Sometimes I think it is too happy to last—as if some cloud were gathering."

"Nonsense, don't say that," said Reginald, hastily. "It is never wise to meet trouble half-way. You always were morbid, you know, Edmund, but I'm sure now you have no excuse to be so. Of course," after a pause, "I see you are not well; but that will pass; only, I say, don't go and worry and harass yourself; that's good advice, for you especially."

"Yes, that it is," said Edmund, smiling. "Well, Reginald, I will take it. Now tell me about Herbert. I thought you would have brought him here to-day."

"He was playing cricket with the Bertrams."

"That is well; it is a healthy exercise. I hope that he is studying well? He did not take as high a place as I had hoped, even expected."

"He is clever, but indolent," said Reginald, shortly. "He cannot be depended upon to shine at an examination. He studies well at times though, and makes up quickly for lost ground."

"Lessons too quickly learned are too quickly forgotten. I should prefer slow steady progress, it is more likely to last. You have often had him at the Abbey?"

"Yes; it has been glorious weather, more fit for play than books."

"It must not be all play."

"Well, no, of course not. Never mind, Edmund, he is right enough. It does boys good to have their fling occasionally, and Herbert does enjoy a holiday right thoroughly."

"He is a very nice fellow," said Edmund, warmly, "but I should like to see him fonder of his books. How often does he go to you?"

"I can't say, really; there is no fixed time. Pretty often, I allow. Well, Edmund, you must look to him yourself, now that you are down here. I give up the reins to you.—Look at those terriers!" he added, presently—it almost seemed, to change the conversation—and then Lilius joined them, with Mrs. Henry Seaham and Cora, and presently took Edmund away.

Edmund had been but a few weeks in the country, when he began to be enlightened as to the conduct of his ward, or more properly of Reginald. Mr. Bertram spoke of it to him. Mr. Clifton hinted it more than once. Eveleen wrote anxiously, and Henry Seaham, who spent a few days with the Charltons on their return, told them that Lord Gletherton had tacitly transferred the guardianship to Mr. Manley; that the latter was using it disgracefully, and that Edmund was bound to interfere.

Mr. Charlton, as might have been supposed, was greatly surprised, more greatly pained. He saw at once that he had been deceived, and he blamed himself that he had trusted so implicitly, and without, as it now seemed to him, sufficient ground.

And yet, what more could he have done? He had written frequently to Herbert, to his tutor, to Reginald; he had received highly satisfactory letters from the last. He had not had a word that could disquiet him from any of the three. Eveleen had been away until quite lately, or she could have told him differently. It was over now, trust, confidence, everything; but he wrote again, both to Reginald and to Herbert, upbraiding them, but gently, with their conduct to him; to Mr. Harding also. The result was unimportant; excuses from the tutor, and a reference to the Earl; penitence from Herbert, and a short note from Reginald, declaiming against the spiteful judgments of the world. Without directly answering Edmund's accusations, he affected to treat the matter as a trifle, "grossly

exaggerated" as these things always were—expressing his surprise that such mere gossip should have made even a momentary impression on his friend. None of the letters bore fruit, and others passed between them, graver, but on Edmund's part, as kind as ever.

In October, the Charltons paid a brief visit to the Abbey. Edmund was feeling somewhat better, but he still looked unusually delicate, and Mrs. Fitzgerald took alarm. Reginald, who had seen him worse, did not, or would not share, her fears. He had received his brother-in-law cordially, but with a little embarrassment, remembering what had passed, and expecting, whilst not appreciating a reference to it. He fought off the subject, as was his habit when the subject was inconvenient, or unpalatable; and on Liliás asking after Herbert, replied frigidly that he was "studying hard," and then somewhat abruptly changed the conversation.

Presently they gathered round the tea-table and several topics circulated freely, but they were mostly of a general nature, varied and briefly handled, as is the wont on such occasions. It seemed to those who saw only the surface, a pleasant family gathering enough, with Frederick Manley as the only stranger—if that could indeed be said of one so intimate with Reginald. The lamps were not yet lit, but the wood-fire sent a warm, red glow through the cosy room, lighting up Mrs. Fitzgerald's delicate face, a little aged during these last three years—dancing on the glittering silver tea-equipage, touching lovingly the bright daintiness of Cora's dress, and losing itself in the sable shadows of Liliás's dark furs, which she had not yet cared to lay aside. There was a pleasant murmur of gay voices, a ripple of laughter, low yet frequent, when Cora jested lightly with her cousins; or Mr. Manley, clever and sarcastic, met Reginald's sallies with an answering retort; the comfortable sound of the singing tea-urn, a suggestive *appareil* of delicate French china, as Cora gracefully dispensed the fragrant tea—and yet, to some at least of those who met there, there was something there which marred the harmony, a something never present in the past, intangible, but not to be mistaken, the shadow of a present trouble or of a future pain.

Presently, when tea was over, the conversation became graver; later political; and at length touched upon some recent speeches made by the Liberal Leader in the immediate neighbourhood.

"You will have to answer him," said Frederick, negligently. "Why don't you make a speech at Eldesley, Charlton? We will all go to hear it; Herbert also, or perhaps that would take him too much from his studies?"

"A really good speech is improving," said Lord Gletherton, detecting and not liking the covert sneer. "What shall you do, Edmund? Speechify or not? I am sure you will be asked to do so?"

"I think not," returned Edmund. "I have had enough of that in the House. This is holiday-time," with a smile.

"You *look* as if you had had quite enough," said Frederick, coolly; and Liliás, who had been talking to her mother, looked up a little anxiously.

"He has worked too hard already and needs rest. Surely he has done his share? You are not persuading him to answer Mr. —?"

"No, certainly; I only asked the question, Lady Liliás. He does not look up to the mark at all. Why don't you 'cut it,' Charlton, and retire?"

"What are your plans, Lily?" said Mrs. Fitzgerald. "I would not stay the winter at the Grange—I am sure it is very damp—or looks so, and with Edmund's cough"—

"We shall go abroad, I think," said Liliás.

"Abroad?" Lord Gletherton looked startled; "but surely that is a new plan? Is it for health, or change, or only pleasure? Shall you take Myrvin with you? Well, I dare say you are right," he added. "Where shall you go?"

"Oh! we have not gone as far as that," said Liliás. "It is all in the far future. There are Herbert's holidays to think of first."

"Herbert is —" but the Earl stopped suddenly; and Cora rising, proposed to take Liliás to her room.

"I think Reginald expects a lecture," said Liliás afterwards, when Edmund joined her.

She was standing by the window, looking out upon the park, where the trees were now already touched with gold, and the bracken lay sere and brown in the green hollows.

"Do not bring forward the question of the guardianship before Mr. Manley, if you can avoid doing so, Edmund. I feel sure that this *brioche* is of his making."

"I fear it will be difficult to speak to Reginald alone, Lily. He does not wish for a discussion, nor I either. Let the past



be past, it is for the present we must now legislate; and I fear that even in this there will be difficulties. Manley said something just now about Herbert spending his vacation here, and this, under the circumstances, is not fitting."

"No! Their gay Christmas parties are not quite what we could wish for Herbert. Besides, he has always spent his Christmas with us, and (after all that we have heard and seen) it would not, as you say, be well to change. I wish it would," she added, softly, "I do not wish you to remain an hour in this damp climate beyond what is absolutely necessary."

"I am better now, dear. We need not hurry."

"Yes; you are better certainly," said Lilius, gazing in his face with tender scrutiny, "but still, the change will do you good. It will not be like the last time, when you wore yourself out with nursing and anxiety, you shall have no care or worries, you must leave all that behind. I want you to be quite strong and well again, before next Session."

He did not answer, only his eyes had a far-off, distant look in them, glancing afar to the calm western skies still reddened by the glory of the sunset. His words when he spoke were the echo of his own thoughts, rather than of hers. "It is absolutely necessary that some fresh arrangements should be made. The lad is losing time, nay, even learning harm, at Eldesley. Mr. Harding is a good man, but weak; and Reginald, kind-hearted and good-natured to a fault, is the last man to uphold his authority."

"If he could only see the mischief he is doing, the loss of time, the growing love of pleasure, which is naturally Herbert's bane."

"Yes, but I fear he will not see it. I will talk to him about Herbert; and if, as I much fear, he will not listen to me, I must see what I can do myself."

And so he met Reginald in the old friendly way, seeing not, or seeming not to see, that there was a cloud between them. It was but the shadow of a cloud as yet, uncertain, undefined; but it was gathering fast, and only wanted a chance word to break. Edmund foresaw that he must speak that word. He could not help it. Lord Gletherton was absolutely, obstinately silent; he would not lead up to the matter; he would not argue, question, or excuse himself—resolved, it seemed, to let things take their course—to go on in fact precisely as before. Edmund must take the onus of a change, and he was prepared to do so.



His duty to his ward was now distinct before him. He had no resource but to interfere at once, and it was Frederick who had made this necessary.

Herbert was to spend his vacation at the Abbey—the greater part of it at least. Lord Gletherton said this distinctly. He was sorry he had not told Edmund sooner; he was not aware that there was any “cut and dry” arrangement; or supposed it necessary to hold a consultation on the subject. It was too late to change now, the boy had set his heart on coming. They were going to have some plays, and Herbert had a part in each. He acted well; they could not spare him. The house would be full, of course—a ball? most likely. There would be friends of Manley’s, very pleasant fellows, and entirely unexceptionable. Well, they were rather fast perhaps; what of that? Herbert was quite old enough to see something of the world; the Thorndale lads went everywhere.

Reginald spoke quietly, but with decision; he would not give up a single point. Now, especially that his guardianship had been commented on, found fault with, that the expediency of this visit had been mooted, he would show his authority once for all. It was Frederick who had advised this move, to bring the matter to a crisis; it was the Gletherton obstinacy which supported it. Edmund now knew what his guardianship was to cost him; before, he had only feared it. He must resign his authority over Herbert, or he must resign the friendship of the Earl. But the former was a sacred duty, the latter only a pleasure and a gladness to him. He had vowed to be faithful to his trust, faithful to the utmost of his power, even as he had been faithful to that earlier trust which had been confided to him, but which now had drawn to an end. He would do his best for Herbert, God helping, and he would do so, even though the boy himself should be against him—for certainly he would prefer the gay party at the Abbey, to the quieter but safer pleasures of the Grange.

He would see Herbert himself, he thought, and rode one afternoon to Eldesley. Reginald declined curtly to accompany him. “He had ‘said his say,’ and should not change. If Herbert were against him, well and good.” He stayed at home, playing billiards with Frederick, and bracing himself to stand steadfast, speculating meanwhile with his friend as to the result of Edmund’s visit. It was, as they hoped, unsatisfactory—more so even than they had expected or desired. Herbert and his

tutor were both out. Edmund had waited some time for their return. A heavy storm had overtaken him, and he came back late for dinner, wet through, and thoroughly chilled. Reginald met him on the staircase, and greeted him a little stiffly.

"You have been a long time," he said, "I hope you are satisfied."

"I did not see him—they were out," said Edmund, quietly. "I left word when I was leaving, and hope he will ride over."

"I hope he won't," said the Earl, testily; then, with a sudden change of tone, "Edmund, you are wet through! What madness—with that cough!"

"It did not rain when I left Eldesley. There was no shelter to be had. It can't be helped, Reginald," but he shivered as he spoke, chilled to the very bones, as the Earl saw.

"It can't be helped, certainly," he said, slowly, yet more warmly than he had yet spoken, "but I hope it can be mended. Do go and warm yourself! We won't wait dinner for you, so take your time," and as Edmund moved on, Reginald stood looking after him, a grave look on his face, as the hollow cough reached him where he stood. "The worst man in the world for this to happen to!" he muttered. "I wish that I had sent for Herbert here."

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## CHAPTER XLII.

*Reprove not in their wrath incensed men,—Randolph.*

THE next day Edmund was thoroughly ill; though, struggling hard to seem as usual, he came down to breakfast, and answered Reginald's brief inquiries by the cheerful assurance that he had been "let off easily." He did not, however, leave the house, even though the sun shone brightly, and Cora reported it a pleasant day, but sat with Lilius in the library, expecting, or at least hoping, that Herbert would ride over. Herbert, however, failed to do so, and the long day passed without a message from him or from his tutor.

Late in the afternoon, pained no less than disappointed at this disregard of his wishes, stung perhaps also by Frederick's unspoken triumph, Edmund determined to write explicitly to his ward, to inform him of his plans and intentions in his regard, which he had hoped to have conveyed to him by word of mouth.

It was a very kind and friendly letter, such as should move him to obedience, but it was very firm.

The vacation must be spent as usual at the Grange, and he would try and make it pleasant for him. He should have friends to meet him there, to walk and ride and shoot with him, but the Abbey must be given up. He regretted that it must be so; he was sorry for the disappointment, but circumstances had made it unavoidable, and he hoped that Herbert's own good sense would show him that it was so. He spoke also of his future plans, but very briefly, and without entering into any details, being willing still to meet Reginald half-way, and arrange his future programme in some accordance with the latter's views and wishes.

When the letter was finished he did not at once send it. A yearning generous feeling prompted him again to stay his hand; to try again to conciliate Lord Gletherton; to win if possible his co-operation in what was so palpably their mutual duty. He found Reginald alone, but in a somewhat sulky mood. He had been all day with Frederick, whose companionship, though pleasant, was never very soothing. He felt guilty towards his brother-in-law for leaving him so much alone, irritated by the consciousness that he feared to meet him—feared, that is, for his own steadfastness of purpose, if measured against Edmund's quiet arguments, his earnest pleading, it might even be his grave reproach.

He looked up as Edmund entered, laying down the paper half reluctantly, and made room for him beside the hearth. Then he stirred the fire a little, making it blaze and crackle, a little sharpness in his manner, but his tones courteous, as he said:

"I hope you have been taken care of? I have only just come in. How raw and cold it has turned out; you were just as well at home. I suppose Herbert did not come?"

The question sounded a little constrained.

"He did not, and it is too late now."

"He may come to-morrow."

"We leave too early. Our train you know is at eleven."

"Is it? I had forgotten the trains have changed this month. Cannot you stay for luncheon?"

"I am afraid not, thank you; we should get home so late."

"What shall you do about Herbert," after a pause.

"I have written to him."

Reginald started. He was leaning back a little indolently, his eyes gazing into the fire ; more grave than usual, his manner more constrained, half-wishing to yield, yet fighting against the wish, yearning towards his brother-in-law, yet held back by the strong self-will, which latterly held such dominion over him. But at Edmund's last words a certain swift resentment came upon him, a memory of Frederick's warning that "the day was not yet won," that Edmund would leave "no stone unturned to gain the mastery." He raised himself into an erect position. and his blue eyes flashed as he turned them upon Edmund, "What have you written to him?" he said.

"You shall see the letter."

"Thank you. I don't want to see it!" The words came abruptly ; and then for a few moments neither spoke. Then Reginald turned on a sudden to his brother-in-law. "I tell you, Edmund, I shall stand no nonsense. I have had enough of it. The boy is my ward and I will have my way with him. I was made guardian before you were, and shall stand to my rights—whatever you, or Henry Seaham, may say to the contrary."

"I do not wish to dispute your right, Reginald," was the mild answer. "On the contrary, I would far sooner see you act in this yourself. I have written with great reluctance. I will destroy the letter if you will either write to him, or see him, and tell him from yourself that the visit must be given up."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. I have already told you so. I intend him to spend Christmas here ; and here he shall spend it. Do you think (with fresh anger in his tone) that I want to *harm* him, or is he safe with no one but yourself?"

"It is not that, Reginald. I have trusted him much with you. I do not like the set of men who take part in these theatricals—careless, extravagant, and worldly—the most of them ; nor do I like the kind of life for Herbert : he is nineteen now, and should see *something* of the world, perhaps, but not too much of it. This last year has been deplorably wasted ; more than I could have believed possible. I take blame to myself that it has been so."

"You had better lay the blame on me—as others do."

"In part you are to blame, Reginald, because I trusted you. Hard work, ill-health perhaps, have made me less fit than I was for the lad's guidance. I have been tempted to regret the

trust, even to lay it down ; but I think that that would be a breach of duty—it would be a greater one to hold it and misuse it.”

“Your ideas of duty are strict, I know. But I see no reason why I should be enslaved by them—or Herbert either.”

“They are either right or wrong, Reginald. If right, you should be *guided* by them ; but if wrong, prove them so.”

“It’s no use arguing the matter further, when we have both made up our minds,” said Lord Gletherton, grandly. “Take your way, and let me take mine.”

“We should soon come to a dead-lock, Reginald.”

Reginald did not answer.

“Will you read this letter, Gletherton ?” after a long pause.

“No, I will not. It should not have been written. No, I will not see it,” he repeated, sharply, petulantly, pushing it from him.

“Then I shall tell you its contents.”

“That is as you please,” and he leaned back again in his arm-chair, partly angry, partly bored.

Edmund did not seem to notice it. There was a grave, pained look upon his face, but it was quite inflexible. “I have told him that he must spend his holidays with us.”

“He shall spend them *here*.” Lord Gletherton’s tones were sharp, almost to passion, and his colour rose.

Mr. Charlton went on, quietly : “Reginald ! Reginald ! why be so wrong-headed ? Do you not see that it is Herbert’s welfare that is now at stake : his whole future weighed in the balance against a month’s enjoyment. Let him make the most of the two years that remain to him. Study as he will he can hardly make up for the past, nor is it only for his studies that I speak ; his whole character is in our keeping—in yours as well as mine. His is not a strong character, it is highly strung, impressionable, of such natures a fair character is often made, but it needs care.”

Still Reginald did not answer ; and again Edmund went on, a little wearily, for he was ill and tired, and the mere talking was a great exertion to him. His task also seemed very hopeless. The Earl had evidently steeled himself against him. He would not even meet argument with argument, only with chilling silence. Yet Edmund’s words were very generous. Calmly and dispassionately he went over the past and pleaded for the present. Herbert was *his* ward no less than he was Reginald’s. His prospects were in his hands, as in the Earl’s ; his future

life would be according to the training which he now received ; and on the conscience of those who had been made his guardians would rest not the present only, but the future. His premises were eminently reasonable, they were also indisputably true. Reginald felt this, uncomfortably, but he was too aggrieved, too angry, too sore about what had been said respecting his guardianship, to yield this time.

It could do Herbert no harm just for this once, he thought : if he made friends—well he would soon forget them : if he saw others bet and gamble, he need not himself do so : and so he hardened himself to Edmund's pleading ; barely listening indeed to the kind, anxious warnings which once would have been met so differently. When Edmund had first sought him he had been moody and dissatisfied—vexed with himself, and with his brother-in-law ; but something fragile in the latter's form and face had for a moment touched him—had roused his better nature, and his first words had been friendly. It was the letter which had now aggrieved him which roused his pride, his anger even, and although he sat silent, he was nursing his hurt feeling, fanning it slowly to a flame. He did not care to see the letter—the fact of it being written was offence sufficient. To him in his first anger, it seemed an unpardonable slight, and yet, what else could Edmund do ? He would not hear excuses, or understand them if he heard them. He would not agree even to a compromise. He had said as much to Frederick already, and yet something in the quiet, low tones stung his conscience as he listened, might still in the end have moved him to submission, but at the critical moment Mr. Manley entered, and his presence turned the scale.

Edmund did not appear to notice him, as, with a hope that he was not intruding, he threw himself into an arm-chair, and taking up a newspaper, seemed to bury himself in its contents ; but his silent presence did its work too well. There was no longer a thought of giving way in Reginald's breast, and Edmund's voice grew low and troubled as he perceived his hopes of conciliation at an end.

The butler came in for the letters, and Edmund again turned to the Earl. "Reginald, if you will write to-morrow, I will not send this to-night."

Reginald did not answer.

Edmund waited a moment still, then gave the letter—the die was cast.

For a moment or two after the butler had retired a dead silence supervened. Then Frederick looked up curiously at Reginald's clouded face. "I say, Gletherton, what's up? You've lost the battle, eh?—Has Herbert ratted?—What a *thundering* shame! I *did* think you had some hold of him."

Reginald's face flushed, and he sprang to his feet. There was a moment's pause, and then the storm came.

The sulky silence was broken at last; his brief effort at self-control cast to the winds. He looked like a young lion, his eyes blazed so fiercely, and there was a red flush of anger upon his cheek, as he turned wrathfully, not on Frederick, but on Edmund. Taking up the old, well-worn theme, he fought him inch by inch, nor was he one to battle calmly; his temper rose with every argument; rose also with every defeat: he scarcely understood at last the drift of much that Edmund said; the real purport of the argument was lost to him: he only saw the opposition to himself. Then Frederick joined in the discussion, quickening and heating it still further, until once more, as in the sunny south, but far more seriously, the Earl's passion got the better of his reason; and obtained at last a mastery so complete, as to overstep the bounds, not alone of courtesy and good feeling, but even of propriety.

The storm when once it reached its height was brief, but overwhelming. It was succeeded by a dead calm. Exhausted, silenced, by his own violence, the Earl had nothing more to say. He stood there flushed, breathless, untamed still, as one fresh from a combat; while Frederick looked on triumphant, but a little dismayed.

In the dead calm Edmund spoke quietly, but, for the first time, in reproach. Reginald had been not passionate only, but unjust, measuring neither his accusations nor his words: casting back to him what should long have been forgotten, the faults and follies of his early youth; faults and follies so deeply repented, so generously atoned. The old friendship, the old gratitude, seemed alike passed from his remembrance; the debt paid with insult and reproach.

It was the ingratitude perhaps which made the sting so deep. Each one of his taunts stabbed Edmund to the heart. They broke down the calm restraint which he was accustomed to impress upon his feelings; his generous sensitive nature was formed to feel things keenly, and his own indignant, though well-merited words widened rather than lessened the breach between them.



It was no boyish quarrel, and he knew it. Frederick knew it also. They had measured the pride of the Fitzgeralds of Gletherton, and knew how the two brothers of the last generation had cast aside the close bonds of kindred for as slight a cause of provocation as had now severed those of friendship. Would it be the same *now*? Frederick thought and hoped it would be, and his triumph was complete. It was he, not Reginald, who had gained the day (little as the latter guessed the truth). His end was gained, his revenge gratified: the game was in his own hands now: at least, he thought so. Edmund could not draw back: the Earl would not. The one was hurt, the other angry; pride and sensitiveness on the one hand, passion and obstinacy on the other, would lend themselves to fan the flame, to widen the breach. The guardianship would be a source of strife for nearly two years more, and between now and then what might not happen?

"A few years hence, Reginald, you will judge more justly. You will then see that I have acted for the best," were Edmund's last words, as he turned to leave the room, his tones calm, but very low, and a strange sadness in his face.

Reginald made no reply. He had flung himself into his chair again, an expression on his face so exactly resembling his old boyish fits of temper, that, for the moment, Edmund almost hoped.

He held the door open for an instant, waiting, then turned with a sigh, and went up to his wife.

Lilias was already dressed for dinner; she had dismissed her maid, and was sitting in the fire-light, waiting rather anxiously. What could keep him so late? The dressing-bell had rung some time before. The post had gone; had his letter gone also? and what had Reginald said or done?

When Edmund at last entered, she turned eagerly to meet him, prepared a little by the expression on his face: she had never seen him look so sad, at the same time so stern. "Edmund, what has he said to you?"

He bent over her, taking her hands lovingly in both his own. "Lily, my darling, it is as I feared," and he told her everything; she listening, partly angry, partly sorrowful.

Then he left her and went to prepare for dinner, still thinking of what had passed; bracing himself, perhaps, for what must come.

When he joined his wife again, she looked up suddenly, a

startled look in her great grey eyes, now bright with angry tears. "Edmund, how ill and grieved you look. How little fit for the long journey home. Mother asked me to stay," she added, after a pause.

"We cannot do that, Lillas. Manley is remaining, and whilst he is here I cannot hope much for an understanding. After what has passed this evening we could scarcely stay without it."

"No, indeed. I only wish we could leave to-night," said Lillas, passionately, as she marked the low, grieved tone. "I suppose we can't, Edmund."

"We must lessen, not widen the breach, darling; and I hope it will not prove a serious one. Reginald is hot, hasty, led away, but he is not often ungenerous or unjust. I trust that a few days will make things right again."

"You do not know us, Edmund," she said, sadly. "I have feared this for some time past: and, in the meantime, you are to be insulted by Reginald's coldness and Mr. Manley's triumph. Don't *you* make the *amende*," she added, suddenly, with a flash of the old pride in her lifted eyes. "Edmund, my own dear husband, I am sure that you have never said anything but what was kind and good."

"I fear I spoke more warmly at the last than I intended or ought to have done, Lillas; but the only *amende* that Reginald would accept, is the only one I would refuse—to give up Herbert."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Nearly. His words implied it."

"I did not think him so wrong-headed. It is Mr. Manley's fault, I know. Oh, Edmund, how I hate that man. I hope it is not very wrong of me."

He did not answer. Only a pained look crossed his face, as if at that moment it was hard enough even for him to forgive the author of the wrong; but the feeling passed as quickly as it came. "You must not say that, Lillas," he said, gently.

"But if I feel it? I am not so good as you are, Edmund; and, when I see them hurting, wounding you. And there is the gong," she added, breaking off, "and we have to go down and face them."

Reginald's step was heard in the passage, and immediately afterwards a door slammed to, and Frederick's voice and step were heard also.

When the sounds died away, Edmund and Liliás followed them; as they crossed the hall he drew back. "Liliás, whatever happens, do not add fuel to the fire," and they went in together.

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### CHAPTER XLIII.

O blind, blind, blind, an Angel's voice from Heaven  
Were powerless to move thy stubborn heart.—*Helen Mathers.*

MRS. FITZGERALD did not make her appearance.

"Aunt Emily has a nervous headache," said Cora to Lord Gletherton, and he gave his arm in silence to his sister; Mr. Manley taking Cora; the rest following. Mr. Ashurst, the agent, and Mr. Bertram, were to-night of the party, and their presence, obviating what would have been otherwise almost a *tête-a-tête*, was, so far, agreeable to Reginald and Liliás. To Edmund, ever hoping, ever trusting, in his friend's return to better feelings, their absence would have been preferable. As it was, few words passed between him and Lord Gletherton, who discussed politics and farming alternately, with an eagerness that had in it something forced. Edmund's occasional remarks were listened to and replied to, stiffly, and Liliás, indignant with her brother, but anxious to screen the difference from the sight of strangers, was relieved when the dessert was sufficiently advanced to permit the ladies to withdraw. Cora had tried hard to cover her cousin's incivility by her own attentions to both Edmund and his wife, but there was a pang in the Earl's cold courtesy, that came more painfully than his blind anger had done, more painfully than Cora could know or understand. Liliás kissed her without speaking, as the door closed upon them, and then went upstairs to see her mother who, indisposed and somewhat irritable, gave little consolation.

When she again entered the drawing-room, the gentlemen were already assembled there. An indefinable air of awkwardness pervaded the whole circle, as if all were well aware that there was something wrong, but were unable to discover what that something was. They looked up at Liliás as she entered, but for once her presence brought no relief. It only made the cold constraint of Reginald's manner more apparent. Mr. Bertram and Mr. Ashurst left early, almost as soon as coffee had been brought round; it was their custom to do so. They were early in their habits, and it was already nearly ten o'clock. Edmund

went into the hall with them. Mr. Bertram was, as we know, an old acquaintance, and it might be some time before they again met. His hopes of Reginald were fast fading. Lord Gletherton, alone with his sister and Cora, was relieved when Frederick came in from the conservatory, and proposed a game of chess. Edmund, coming in soon after, found them thus engaged, and took up a Review, but his thoughts were scarcely in its pages. The ladies worked in silence. Poor little Cora! The state of affairs was most perplexing to her. She did not understand the rights of it; she could not perfectly appreciate the cause. For what harm would a little dissipation do? when Herbert could make up the lost time afterwards? But the coldness, the constraint distressed her, and seeing Edmund's pained expression, and Liliass's unfeigned anxiety, she would willingly, at that moment, have surrendered even the Gletherton coronet itself, could the surrender but have guaranteed a reconciliation. If Eveleen had been there in her stead, her ready tact might have smoothed away the difficulties; might have loosened, if not altogether broken down, the barriers that were rising up between the friends. Cora, loving and gentle as she was, proved unequal to the emergency. She did her best, but failed, and failure was at this juncture worse than anything. When the silence began to pall upon her, she asked Liliass to sing, but her cousin's, "Not to-night, dear Cora," had in it something of reproach. She went herself to the piano, but her jingling "Strauss" valse jarred painfully upon feelings already somewhat irritated, and the chess-players lost their temper. Cora came back to the fire in despair. Eleven o'clock struck. Mr. Manley announced check-mate. Cora rose. "I'm sure it is time to retire," she said, and Reginald thanked her in his heart for the first happy suggestion she had made this evening. The gentlemen rose as the ladies left them, and Reginald followed them into the hall. Liliass had taken her candle and moved away, but she turned as he came up to the table, and there was a look of reproach upon her face. "Good-night, Reginald," she said, but Cora had dropped her gloves, and Reginald, stooping for them, did not answer. Liliass moved away then, and Cora, seeing this, burst into tears. A silly little thing, as she had once said of herself, but more true than her wiser neighbours. "You are very unkind, Reginald," she exclaimed, "and I don't wonder that Edmund has forbidden Herbert to come here. In his place I would not stay another hour."

Lord Gletherton was vexed, and showed it. "You are a silly child, Cora, and can know nothing about the matter. But if Edmund is to estrange *you* as well as Herbert, the sooner he follows your advice the better."

Cora snatched away the hand that he had taken, and ran upstairs; but as Lord Gletherton turned away, ruffled and somewhat irritated still, Edmund himself accosted him; a little constraint in his voice. "I wish to speak to you, Reginald, and," as Mr. Manley crossed the hall and joined them, "alone."

"Impossible," said Reginald, somewhat curtly. "It is too late for discussions now. Besides, I've had enough of them" (this half to himself), as he turned, moodily, towards the smoking-room.

"To-morrow, then," urged Edmund, after a pause.

"I'll see about it."

"Good-night, then," but the tone sounded hurt, and Reginald, noting this, paused undecided. But Frederick was there, and he steeled himself. "Good-night," he answered, shortly, and they separated. It is doubtful whether Reginald enjoyed his cigar; Frederick enjoyed his thoroughly.

Foiled in the attempt to speak to Reginald, Edmund still hoped that the morrow would bear fruit, that reflection, solitude, might do their work—might win him at least a patient hearing. In vain. If the "good-night" had been but cold, the morning greeting seemed to him colder still. There was no lightening of Reginald's gloomy brow, no lessening of the triumph in Frederick's face as the two came in together from the stables, whither a slight hurt to a favourite horse had led them before breakfast; and the conversation was disjointed and abrupt. Liliass had no heart for Cora's merry sayings, which soon ceased under such dispiriting circumstances; and Mrs. Fitzgerald took her tea and toast upstairs. Her headache was a convenient plea. No letter came from Herbert. Edmund, indeed, had hardly looked for one, but Frederick and Reginald both noticed the omission, and both triumphantly.

The Charltons were to leave early. "It was best so," Liliass had said, previously. "The drive from Oxminster was long and tiring, and the afternoons so cold." But Edmund found the time short—so much to do—so much to be undone. It was with a heavy heart that he turned towards the study, prepared to make one effort more. He had to school himself, to take himself to task, to weigh the great issues at stake, before he bent himself to strive again: a useless strife he felt and

feared. If only he could have seen Reginald alone : but this he knew would be improbable. The two friends had left the breakfast-room together ; had gone together to the study. Edmund found them there as he expected. He felt that they were waiting for him. It did not make his task any easier. Reginald was seated near the fire, the *Times* in his hand, but he was hardly reading it ; he could not at least have told a word of the contents. Frederick was standing, talking desultorily. He stopped when Edmund entered, a strange look on his face. It was not a sneer exactly, nor was it quite defiance ; it partook a little of both. He did not offer to go : he did not mean to do so. He was anxious that those two should part—without an explanation. Left to himself, and alone with Edmund, good feeling would be sure to triumph with Reginald, but he should not have the opportunity. Quietly, but persistently, Frederick had kept Reginald in sight, and the latter, preoccupied with his own thoughts, had hardly noticed it. He was in truth bitterly ashamed of last night's passion, but ashamed of his passion rather than of its cause. The strife between right and wrong was waging in his soul as it had done, alas, so many times before, but under auspices less favourable even than of wont. Edmund had accused him of injustice, and the word rankled the more for its latent truth. Edmund was leaving in displeasure—in hurt feeling—and it wounded Reginald in his pride as in his friendship that this should be so. The least concession would probably have satisfied him ; but he forgot that on Edmund's part concession was impossible. For Herbert's sake the discussion had arisen ; for Herbert's sake, it was Edmund's duty to stand firm.

"Are we to part friends, Reginald?" said Edmund, presently, his face flushing a little at the condemnatory silence. It was hard to speak in the presence of his enemy, but he knew that no other chance would be afforded him.

Reginald looked up hastily. The words smote him, but he steeled himself. They were not friends, could not be so, unless—unless. His gaze swept Edmund's face as it was turned towards him. There was no submission in those grave, dark eyes, reproachful and a little sad. The resolution was unchanged, the purpose firm as ever. Reginald saw this, and spoke roughly—the roughness born, perhaps, of disappointment. "It's for you to choose," he said, "the fault is yours. I'll not have my plans interfered with, nor my ward either."



Not for his own sake even, Reginald?" The words came very quietly, though the pained look deepened, and the tones were very low.

"For no one's sake. I told you so. For Heaven's sake, let the matter rest. I'm sick to death of it," taking up the *Times* again and glancing slowly down its pages.

A little pause.

Then Frederick spoke, a bland tone in his measured words. "It's a pity you can't come to terms," he said. "You'll have to give in, Charlton. *He* won't." But he well knew that Edmund could not do so.

Again Reginald looked up, and it was to his glance, to the half hope in it, and not to Frederick's sneering words, that Edmund's answer, grave and earnest, was returned.

"No, I cannot do that, Reginald," he said, gently. "I wish I could." Then (as Reginald's impatient gesture interrupted him), "If it had been so light a thing, a whim or fancy of my own, as you consider it, it would have been given up already."

Reginald made no answer. He could make but one, and that his pride (his self-respect, he called it) rendered impossible.

Edmund lingered yet an instant longer, and then left the room to prepare for his journey.

Reginald leaned back in his chair, the paper in his hand, but he could not read. A host of warring thoughts were in his mind; a sharp struggle was going on within him. He longed to yield, yet would not. Frederick watched him, half-contemptuously, but the silence was unbroken, until the entrance of the butler to inform him that Mr. Ashurst wished to speak to him, on business.

Then Reginald rose abruptly and left the room.

Meanwhile Edmund had joined Lillas, to whom he told his effort and his failure, and the hopelessness that had resulted from it. She could say little to comfort him, she who knew the obstinacy of her race so well, and it was with heavy hearts that they took leave of her mother, who was waiting for them in the morning-room. Mrs. Fitzgerald, in her blind love for Reginald, might take part against them now; might refuse to see the right upon their side; might honestly fail to comprehend it; but she had always been very kind to Edmund. She looked up deprecatingly as he approached her, and without a word of blame or accusation wished her good-bye in his gentle, deferential tones; gentle as usual, but perhaps a little troubled



also. At least there was something in them which touched a tender chord in her heart, and made her feel a little self-reproachful.

She took his hand in hers with some warmth as she said, "I am truly grieved and shocked, Edmund. I am indeed. I do not understand the matter, or what harm could have come to Herbert here. But I am sure you acted for the best, and I hope Reginald will soon see it so."

He bent and kissed her on the forehead, gravely and almost solemnly. She remembered that in days to come, now she was a little touched by it.

"Good-bye. God bless you," she said, earnestly. "Lilias, take care of him, he does not look fit to go."

Lilias bent in turn to kiss her, and say "good-bye," but her heart rebelled against the weak sympathy which could go no further. Cora's loving, tender kisses and tearful declamations against Reginald were perchance more soothing, but Edmund drew her away, and they went together to the study. There Frederick met them with false speeches, but Reginald was not there.

"His lordship was with Mr. Ashurst," the butler said; "he would let him know the carriage was there."

When he came back, there was a surprised look on his face. Never before had a guest departed from that house without a hearty god-speed from the host's lips. But now Reginald was engaged, and could not come.

"Lily," said Mr. Charlton, quietly and without comment, though to Lilias there was pain in every tone, "we have nothing else to wait for."

A few minutes later the carriage rolled slowly from the door; the cold air blew keenly through the open portal, where the servants, wondering a little, gazed after the departing guests; the rain battered against the windows, the little rivulets in the gravel walks grew every instant broader, and the Earl's proud greys tossed back the rain-drops from their flowing manes as they bore his sister and her husband from the home where so many pleasant hours had been spent, but which would never now seem quite the same.

"You have wrested my best friend from me, Frederick," said Lord Gletherton that night. "I hope you are satisfied."

But Frederick's work was not yet done.

## Reviews.

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### I.—THE HISTORY OF THE POPES.<sup>1</sup>

DR. PASTOR'S original intention, as he tells us in the Preface, was to comprise in his third volume the period from the accession of Innocent VIII. (1484) to the conclusion of the Lateran Council in 1517. Two circumstances have obliged him to revise this plan and finish with the death of Julius II. in 1513. One is the importance of the subject-matter, the other is the wealth of new material which has rewarded his indefatigable industry. The latter is very conspicuous in this latest portion of his work. The *Regesta* of Alexander VI., in the Secret Archives of the Vatican, fill one hundred and thirteen large volumes, which had not previously been accessible to investigators, but which were placed at his disposal by the large-mindedness of Leo XIII. The Ambassadors' letters in the collections at Mantua, Modena, and Milan, had been partially used by Gregorovius and Balan, but Dr. Pastor has submitted them to a more exhaustive examination, and particularly in the archives of Milan he has had valuable finds, such as the correspondence between Cardinal Arcanio Sforza and his brother Ludovicus Moro. These rich finds relate in large part to the Pontificate of Alexander VI., and the author's opinion is that, although doubtless their number may be increased with the course of time, they suffice already to found a definitive judgment as to the character and career of that unhappy Pope. "Every attempt to defend Alexander VI. must henceforth be deemed hopeless," says Dr. Pastor, and it is difficult to see how any one can read the present volume without acknowledging that this is so. At the same time, the author's presentment recognizes that Alexander's character had its lighter as well as its darker shades, and that even the darker shades were not quite so dark as the traditional

<sup>1</sup> *Geschichte der Päpste*. Von Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Dritte Band. Erste und Zweite Auflage. Freiburg im Breisgau : Herder'sche Verhandlung, 1895.

picture has exhibited them. Of his capacity and industry there is no question, nor of the impression which these qualities of the man made upon his contemporaries. Moreover, Dr. Pastor assures us that "his management of ecclesiastical affairs gave no occasion to any well-grounded blame, and that in this respect even his bitterest enemies brought no special charges of a far-reaching character. Nor did he leave the purity of the Church's teaching unvindicated." The two cases of dissolution of marriage, by decrees of nullity—one that of Louis XII. and Joanna, the other that of Lucrezia Borgia and Giovanni Sforza—were at all events based on facts which, if established (as Dr. Pastor seems to allow, or at least not to dispute, they were), sufficed to justify Alexander's action. In short, although we cannot forget that he was a Pope, if we could forget this, and judge him by the same standard as other princes of his age—with their combination of great qualities and light morals—he might stand fairly in the comparison. Personally he was not cruel or harsh, but, on the contrary, of a good-natured and genial temperament, and, although it was precisely his affection for his children which led up to the most scandalous transactions of his reign, we can credit it to the more favourable side of his nature that it was an affectionate nature. Nor again, in estimating his character, ought we to leave out of account the revelation of its better impulses in his conduct after the tragic death of his eldest son, the Duke of Gandia. Dr. Pastor quotes a letter from the Venetian Ambassador, according to which the Pope replied to the Cardinals who came to offer him their condolences: "A harder blow could not have befallen us, for we loved the Duke of Gandia more than all the world. Gladly would we resign seven tiaras if by so doing we could restore him to life. It is because of our sins that God has sent us this trial: for the Duke did not deserve so shocking and mysterious a death. . . . May God forgive the murderer, but we are resolved henceforth to give our mind to the reform of our own selves and of the Church. This entire matter of reform shall be entrusted to six Cardinals and two Auditors of the Rota." The Commission was appointed, and the author testifies alike to the earnestness of the Cardinals and of the Pope in devising and commencing the execution of good measures. Unhappily, the good mood proved transient. Cæsar Borgia was his father's evil genius, and presently regained his former influence over his mind. The measures of reform were

forgotten, the "demon of sensuality" stifled every better impulse, and the last things were worse than the first.

This is, doubtless, in spite of the extenuating circumstances, a sad verdict for a Catholic historian to be constrained to pass on one whose office required of him that he should be a pattern to his age, a mighty worker in the cause of righteousness. Still God, who brings good out of evil, had His lesson to teach us, even through this unworthy representative of His Divine Son—the lesson, as Dr. Pastor words it, that "men can injure the Church, but cannot destroy it."

Julius II. who, after the brief reign of the saintly Pius III., succeeded Alexander in the Chair of Peter, has like him been ranked by many writers among the unworthy Popes. Here, however, Dr. Pastor is able to give a verdict of acquittal. While freely acknowledging the defects in this Pope's character and in his action—in particular his violent temper—he does not hesitate to pronounce him "one of the strongest Popes since Innocent III." The chief offence usually found in him, is that he was more of a warrior than a priest. But this the author altogether denies, pointing out, on the one hand, his many useful measures of Church administration and the zeal for justice which was a distinguishing characteristic in him, and, on the other hand, the necessity, in the interests of the Church, of his successful military enterprises to vindicate his independence, and, together with it, the liberty of Italy. After all, contemporary judgment is judgment based on knowledge and experience, and the common feeling of all when Julius II. was called to his account, was that "a kingly spirit had passed away." "For forty years," wrote Paris de Grassis in his diary, "I never saw such crowds gather at the funeral of a Pope. All, great and small, old and young, wished, in spite of the opposition of the guards, to kiss the feet of the dead man. With tears they prayed for the soul of one who had been in very truth a Pope and Vicar of Christ, a Shepherd of Justice, an augments of the Apostolic Church, a pursuer and tamer of tyrants. Even many who, it might have seemed, would for particular reasons have desired the death of Julius II., shed tears over their loss and exclaimed: "This Pope has delivered us all—the whole of Italy and the whole of Christendom—from the yoke of the French and the Barbarians."

These few observations will give a foretaste of what is in the present volume, but the reader must be told that it also

contains and throws valuable light on other matters of great interest. In particular, there is an introductory chapter on the moral character of the period, which shows to how large an extent the practical piety of healthier times was wrestling with the growing corruption, and a chapter on the artistic enterprises of Julius II., which were very considerable. Indeed, Dr. Pastor maintains that the age illustrated by the genius of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bramante, and others, deserve better to be called the age of Julius II. than that of Leo X.

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## 2.—CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Bold has undertaken the comprehensive and difficult task of summing up in 330 pages all Catholic doctrine and discipline. He has managed to insert or allude to almost every subject included in Theology, to say nothing of a summary of the Life of our Lord and a description of Holy Mass. Such a compendium must of necessity be a mere sketch, but it is a remarkably correct one, as indeed might be expected from the name of the eminent theologian who has revised it. We trace various corrections suggested by him, especially of meanings and allusions, more fanciful than real. In the following instance we strongly suspect that the English words we italicize were omitted in the original, and that at least the three concluding words of our quotation were intended to be a suggestion of what needed modifying, and not to be baldly inserted as they stand. At least this is the only way in which we can understand the following paragraph, which occurs in the explanation of Holy Mass:

In the prayer, *Quam oblationem*, the celebrant prays God to bless the offering of the Sacrifice, that it may be acceptable in His sight: making the sign of the Cross three times at the words, *Benedictam, adscriptam, ratam, rationabilem, acceptabilemque facere digneris*, to remind us, as some have capriciously imagined, that our Lord was sold to the priests, the scribes, and the pharisees. He supplicates the Almighty to work the miracle of Transubstantiation, adding two signs of the Cross at the words, *Ut nobis corpus, &c.*, to designate Judas the traitor and Jesus whom he sold. *Another arbitrary notion.*

This last remark is a curious commentary for an author to add to what he has already stated as a fact. In a similar

<sup>1</sup> *Catholic Doctrine and Discipline Simply Explained.* By Philip Bold. Revised and in part edited by Father Eyre, S.J. London: Kegan Paul and Co.

piece of symbolism a little before an explanation is given, and then we are told that "such interpretations are fanciful." Would it not have been better to omit all these far-fetched theories than to state and then discredit them?

The doctrine throughout the book, with some few exceptions, is that generally received, but we must except one rather astonishing statement<sup>1</sup> respecting Indulgences.

A Partial Indulgence is supposed by some to forgive a limited portion of the temporal punishment represented by a certain number of days and years equal to the chastisement enforced by the Church in the early ages of Christianity which would have lasted that space of time. Such views have been condemned or are now exploded.

If Mr. Bold will take the trouble to turn to Ballerini, or any other of the great theologians, he will find this "exploded" account of the origin and meaning of the Indulgence of a certain number of days or years given as the received doctrine, with the words *Ita omnes*, or something similar. When was this explanation condemned? and what is Mr. Bold's own explanation of the days and years attached to an Indulgenced prayer?

We also observe several minor inaccuracies. The *Limbus Patrum* is twice<sup>2</sup> identified with the *Limbus Infantum*. The *unity (sic)* of the two Natures in Christ is asserted as demonstrable from Holy Scripture. The description of faith in God as "inherent in humanity" is not quite exact.<sup>3</sup> The statement that the priest receives the Communion of the chalice in three separate draughts<sup>4</sup> makes of a pious practice a piece of ritual observance. The proofs, too, are occasionally weak, as that for the immortality of the soul from the indestructibility of matter,<sup>5</sup> and the argument for the existence of Guardian Angels from certain impressions of which we are conscious.<sup>6</sup> But after all these defects are but few and comparatively unimportant. The book generally is remarkably free from the errors into which a non-theological writer might be expected to fall. We also admire the excellent and frequent use of Holy Scripture throughout its pages and the careful and moderate tone that pervades it. We hope that it may prove useful to intending converts and may destroy prejudice. It is not suitable as a text-book and is not to be compared to Father Schouppe's valuable compendium. But it is a praiseworthy attempt to condense into a small space a mass of information on a number of distinct and difficult subjects.

<sup>1</sup> P. 260.<sup>2</sup> Pp. 14, 217.<sup>3</sup> P. 3.<sup>4</sup> P. 316.<sup>5</sup> P. 10.<sup>6</sup> P. 8.



3.—THE LITURGICAL TREASURES OF ITALY.<sup>1</sup>

We have already spoken in an earlier page of the high value of the recent but long expected work of Dr. Ebner upon the Missals and Sacramentaries to be found in the libraries of Italy. It is of course a book for specialists, and even for specialists a considerable proportion of its contents are of a nature to be consulted on occasion rather than read continuously. But on the other hand, after a catalogue of early Italian service-books, very much in the manner of M. Delisle's celebrated *Mémoire*, -supplemented by a selection of valuable extracts, Dr. Ebner crowns his volume with a series of dissertations, interesting even for the general reader, and summarizing a number of conclusions which are of the highest importance to all liturgical students, but which as far as we know are nowhere else to be found collected together as they are here. These short essays are devoted to the following topics: (1) the development of the Sacramentary into the complete Missal; (2) the position of the Canon in the Roman Sacramentaries; (3) an attempt to classify the MSS. of Roman Sacramentaries; (4) contributions towards a history of the text of the Canon of the Mass; and (5) the artistic decoration of Sacramentaries and Missals. On every one of these questions Dr. Ebner speaks with a full grasp of his subject, and on each he has something to say which is of real importance to all students who would wish to push their liturgical investigations further. We shall be curious to see whether Mr. Wilson and Dr. Wickham Legg, in their long-promised edition of the Canon and its variants, will find much to add to Dr. Ebner's dissertation, just referred to under heading No. 4. Probably they will vindicate their position as Anglicans by severely ignoring its existence. One detail which it seems to us our author has overlooked in this interesting essay is the connection of the names Felicitas and Perpetua in the text of the *Nobis quoque*. No one, we think, who examines the evidence can doubt that the St. Felicitas who here stands first among the women saints was not the St. Felicitas, the companion of St. Perpetua, but the St. Felicitas of Rome. It is noteworthy, that if we may take the Stowe Missal to represent the earliest known form of the Canon, that

<sup>1</sup> *Quellen und Forschungen zur Geschichte und Kunstgeschichte des Missale Romanum im Mittelalter, Iter Italicum.* Von Dr. Adalbert Ebner. With Thirty Illustrations. Freiburg: Herder, 1896.



text does not place St. Perpetua next to St. Felicitas, but gives an arrangement of the women saints in this order: "Perpetua, Agna, Cicilia, Felicitate, Anatassia, Agatha, Lucia," which curiously enough is in exact accord with a quotation from the Canon occurring in St. Aldhelm's († 709) *De Virginitate*. Another interesting point in the same essay which we think might be further developed is the recognition of the *prex* as one prayer,—a point illustrated, as Dr. Ebner notes,<sup>1</sup> by the occurrence of *Amen* for the first time at the *ekphonesis* immediately before the *Pater noster*. The matter seems to us of some importance from its bearing on the primitive view of the precise moment of Consecration, on the epiclesis question in Western liturgies, and the significance of the signs of the Cross made over the Host and chalice. It is surely a very remarkable fact that these signs of the Cross cease when the *prex* ceases. The signs of the Cross which follow are made *with* the Sacred Host, not *over* It. Future investigators, we think, would do well to collect more definite statistics than Dr. Ebner has given us as to the number and position of these indications of crosses, and also of the occurrence of *Amens* in our earliest codices. In the account of the liturgical contents of the Italian libraries, which forms the bulk of the volume, a point of special interest to English readers is the frequent traces of Anglo-Saxon influence exhibited by some of the oldest MSS. Altogether, Dr. Ebner has presented us with a work of primary importance for the study of the liturgy, and the numerous illustrations, reproducing, though on a reduced scale, the script and illuminations of the MSS. described, add considerably to its value.

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#### 4.—ECCLESIASTICAL SEMINARIES.<sup>2</sup>

The author of *Our Seminaries* is an American priest who as such necessarily takes an interest in clerical training, and he has evidently thought a great deal on the matter. At the same time he acknowledges very modestly that "from the point of experience he is not entitled to utter a word on the subject," and that "hence his views go forth without authority, and must depend upon the actual condition of things for value in the eyes of readers." Not having ourselves any experience of American

<sup>1</sup> P. 425.

<sup>2</sup> *Our Seminaries*. An Essay on Clerical Training. By the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. New York: W. Young and Co.

clerical life, we cannot venture to express any decided opinions on the author's suggestions, but our judgment upon them, such as it may be worth, is that, along with many excellent observations which as suggestions may be valuable, there is also just that degree of crudeness which one must expect in one who has not been able to view matters from the inside. In particular, it seems to us that the author, although in one sense he has it continually in mind, practically overlooks the limitations of the human mind. A seminary course for the average clerical student cannot hope to embrace very much of the vast subject-matter of clerical education. The great point is to make him know what he does know solidly, to see that this which he does know includes what is essential for his priestly work, and beyond this to implant in him an interest in matters intellectual as well as the still more important spirit of priestly zeal and discipline. Let us take an illustration of what we mean. Speaking of the study of Dogma, the author rightly extols it as "the scientific presentation to man of the elements which make up the force called Christianity; the effort to name and describe faith's relationships with all the conditions of the earth, to show their harmony with the facts of experience, and their completion or supplementing of all human forces that carry man on to his final destiny." But, fired by this lofty conception, he is impatient of the practice of confining the young seminarian's instruction to the dry bones contained in text-books like Schouppe or Hurter. He would have the Professor appeal to the historic past and the living present "to show how the various dogmas have historically unfolded their contents and moulded the thoughts and devotions and institutions of mankind in the past and in the present." Similar suggestions he makes as to the study of Scripture and moral theology. Moral theology in particular he would have throw off its old-fashioned garb, and grapple resolutely with the new problems of American life. All this is good enough in itself, if the author were merely describing the wealth of departments which await and even demand the labour of Catholic theologians. But what is to happen to the poor clerical student called to take in all these multitudinous facts and conceptions? Surely the wiser course is to be satisfied with aiding him to know a little and know it well, rather than to send him forth to his work under the impression that he knows a good deal, whereas in fact he has learnt nothing accurately or usefully because he has aimed beyond his powers.

Of course we are speaking of the average students, for it is in their interest that seminary courses need to be arranged. There will always be more gifted spirits to whom it is worth while to allow longer studies and a more thorough training. It is they who in course of time, when they have perfected their seminary training by extensive and solid private studies, will be the Church's representatives in dealing with the complicated questions of the age. We have only to add that in spite of these criticisms, Dr. Talbot Smith's book will be found full of interesting suggestions, and no one could find its spirit otherwise than loyal and kindly.

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5.—JEWS AND CATHOLICS IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.<sup>1</sup>

All over the Continent of Europe, Antisemitism is the order of the day. *La France Juive* sounded the alarm against the predominance of the Hebrew race in France ; in Prussia, Catholics and Protestants have alike risen up against them ; and now M. Kannengieser presents us with a highly coloured account of the warfare that is being carried on between the Catholics on the one side, and the united phalanx of Jews and Liberals on the other. The influence of the Jews in Austria derived most efficient support from Josephism. The same power that sought to reduce the Church to a mere department of the State, and made the Archbishop of Vienna call the Pope "my colleague of Rome," is said to have found in the Jews most convenient allies and sympathetic friends. It is they who are charged with pushing on, only too successfully, the legalization of civil marriage in Hungary. It is they who were the zealous advocates of the law giving freedom of worship to every form of religion or irreligion. However, the Kulturkampf in Prussia roused the Austrian Bishops to a sense of the danger that threatened the Church in Germany, and, as is so often the case, out of apparent evil good has come.

M. Kannengieser's book consists of three parts. The first is a sketch of the life of the Abbé Sebastian Brunner, the fearless and able foe alike of Josephism and Semitism. As a mere biography of a remarkable man, the account given of his life and work is a very attractive one, but its chief interest is to be found in the serious check that he gave to the advancing spirit

<sup>1</sup> *Juifs et Catholiques en Autriche-Hongrie.* Par A. Kannengieser. Paris : Lethielleux.

of Liberalism in Austria by his writings, and more especially by the newspaper that he started at the time of the revolution in Austria, the *Wiener Kirchenzeitung*. We cannot attempt in a short review to give any picture of the man and his work; for this we must refer the reader to the pages of the book that is under our notice. We will only say that Brunner, single-handed, but with the consciousness of justice on his side, and of a cause that was the cause of God, undertook to do battle alike with the bureaucracy, the subservience to the State, and the disloyalty to Rome, which were the characteristics of Josephism, as well as with the dominant influence of the Jews, who were using all their power to bring about the destruction of the Christian character of the schools in Austria, and had succeeded in weakening, and at length in abolishing the Concordat with Rome.

The second part of this volume describes the gradual progress, and final triumph, of Antisemitism in Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The account of the struggle in which the Abbé Brunner played so important a part, is a chapter of European history that illustrates, in the case of one of the most Catholic countries of Europe, the struggle that goes on unceasingly between the Church and her enemies. The power of the Jews lay chiefly in their dominion over the Press and the University. For fifteen years, from the Battle of Sadowa in 1866 until the elections of 1879, the Liberal and Semitic party had been dominant. But the people were groaning under their yoke. Almost every Catholic was an Antisemite. The small shopkeepers, whose material interests had been ruined by the superior wealth and organization of the Jews, found in Lueger, the leader of the Antisemites, a friend and protector. The first attempt at an Antisemitic organization was made in 1880, and during the next decade it made steady progress. In 1891, several Antisemites were elected to the municipal council. In 1895, they amounted to sixty-four out of a total of one hundred and thirty-eight, and they knew that several outside of their own ranks would side with them in many important questions. When the question of electing a Burgomaster came before the Council, a small majority declared for M. Richter, a moderate Liberal, but he declined to accept office, and on a second scrutiny, Lueger, the champion of the Antisemites, was elected, the Liberals having given in blank papers in order to avoid defeat. The dissolution of the Council followed, and by a new election the Government thought to be rid of their courageous adversaries. But the

newly-elected councillors contained a majority of Antisemites. Lueger was again elected, and although the Government refused to ratify his election, yet the triumph of his party was none the less a complete one.

The struggle that has been going on in Hungary, which is the subject of the third part of M. Kannengieser's volume, has not had the same happy results, as regards political matters, as was the case in Austria itself. But there has been a moral triumph for the Catholic cause. The noble protests of the Hungarian Bishops against the laws making civil marriage obligatory, showed how the Episcopate of the country woke up to their responsibilities. The masterly Encyclical of Leo XIII., *Constanti Hungarorum*, with its studied moderation and profound knowledge of the state of the country, strengthened the hands of the Catholic party, and conciliated many of its opponents. The Congress held at Buda-Pesth was a magnificent protest against the anti-Christian laws respecting marriage, against the education without religion by which the Liberals and Jews were seeking to cut at the root of the faith of the rising generation, and against the abolition of the law which required that the offspring of mixed marriages should be baptized Catholics. If for the time the adversaries of the Church have prevailed, and the Emperor has been prevailed upon to throw in his lot with those who are his worst enemies, as well as the worst enemies of the Christian faith in Hungary, yet there is no doubt that persecution has done its work of purifying the faith of the persecuted, and that Bishops and clergy have been roused to a sense of their duties and responsibilities such as they did not possess before the Hungarian Kulturkampf began. It is scarcely possible that the present state of things can long continue. Either the Church will regain her position in the Magyar kingdom, or the monarchy that has disowned her teaching will find out too late that it has been working out its own destruction.

We recommend M. Kannengieser's book to all who are interested in the struggle that is going on all over the Continent between the friends and the foes of Christianity. Although we consider the author somewhat too sweeping in his condemnation of the Jews as a class, his work helps to explain what is rather a puzzle to many English Catholics—the intensity of the Anti-semitic feeling which prevails in Catholic countries where the Jews are numerous and powerful.

6.—THE BANISHMENT OF ECCLESIASTICS DURING THE  
FRENCH REVOLUTION.<sup>1</sup>

This is a collection of hitherto unpublished documents relating to the banishment and sufferings of the clergy in France and Belgium under the Directorate. They are arranged, with an Introduction and Appendices, by M. Victor Pierre, and published under the auspices of the Société d'Histoire Contemporaine. The bulk of the volume is made up of the edicts of banishment passed by the Executive, edicts which in 1797—98, smote 1,560 individuals, and in 1798—99, as many as 2,135. Some of these decrees were general in form and included a number of priests under the same arraignment; others, nominally personal and directed against one individual, were in fact merely repetitions of the same old accusations, which in the language of the Directorate were usually: fanaticism, contempt of the laws and institutions of the Republic, and immorality. The text of one or two of these sentences may serve as a specimen of all the rest.

The Executive of the Directorate being informed that Richard, minister of worship, residing at Certilleux, Canton de Beaufremont, department of the Vosges, stirs up the embers of fanaticism, in the place he inhabits, and in the neighbouring districts; that he employs every possible means to corrupt the public mind, and to make the ignorant inhabitants of the country Royalists, and that he cannot be permitted to continue to dwell in this country without endangering the internal tranquillity of the Republic, decrees that in virtue of Art. 24 of the law passed the 19th Fructidor last, containing measures for the public welfare, taken in consequence of the Royalist conspiracy of the 18th, the said Richard shall be seized and arrested without delay, in order that he may be banished to such place as shall be decided on.

Or again :

Seeing that the above-mentioned Portallier, priest, practising the Catholic worship in what was heretofore known as the Church of the Madeleine (la ci-devant église de la Madeleine), canton de Paris, has evinced his devotion to the royalist cause by holding on the 2nd Pluviôse of the year IV. and the year V., a funeral celebration of a religious character with insignia distinctive of the royal family, and that although in a similar ceremony repeated on the same anniversary in the year VI., he avoided exhibiting upon the catafalque any external symbol of royalty, still his anti-revolutionist sentiments could not be mistaken, both through his persistence in renewing this commemoration

<sup>1</sup> *La Déportation Ecclésiastique sous le Directoire.* Documents inédits recueillis par Victor Pierre. Paris : A. Picard, 1895.



on the day named, as also by his previous behaviour which tends to disturb the public order by encouraging monarchical ideas in persons that are too weak-minded to have shaken themselves free of fanatical prejudices and the idolatrous beliefs of the slaves of royalty, &c.

In his Introduction, the compiler gives a great deal of valuable information as to the working of these decrees, the numbers of those who suffered, and the districts included under the sentence; and in the Appendix there are alphabetical lists both of the French and Belgian priests, with the names of the places they resided in, and their destination when transported out of the country. Of course this is not a book for consecutive reading, but it is a trustworthy and valuable contribution to the history of the period of which it treats. Above all, it gives a most vivid picture of the persecution undergone by the faithful clergy, whose consciences would not allow them to take the oath which the Directorate had so iniquitously imposed.

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7.—MISS DONNELLY IN PROSE AND VERSE.<sup>1</sup>

"Petronilla," which gives a title to this collection of short stories, is a charming little sketch of a Protestant girl educated in a convent in the south of France, who returns to her home to find the difference between the religion of her dear nuns and the cold formalities of the Established Church so great that she takes the resolution to become a Catholic, suffers for it a little, perseveres, and is eventually rewarded by the conversion of her lover, her sisters, the local curate, and half the parish. An attempt has been made to give the scene of the story an English complexion; but since most of the characters break out into American at some time or another, the effect is not very satisfactory. The remaining stories, seven in number, are all brightly written, of varied interest, and thoroughly Catholic; they may be cordially recommended to any who are in search of books for young people.

In "A Tuscan Magdalen," Miss Donnelly shows herself to be a very unequal verse-writer. "A Tuscan Magdalen," is one of the least successful of her collected pieces, some few of which have previously appeared in the *Ave Maria* and the *Messenger*

<sup>1</sup> *Petronilla, and other Stories.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York, &c.: Benziger Brothers.

*A Tuscan Magdalen, and other Legends and Poems.* By E. C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner and Co.



of the *Sacred Heart*. Miss Donnelly has sought themes for her verses in many lands, and gathered a harvest of antique legends and mediæval stories from all ages and countries. Their Catholicism and that of their writer is most uncompromising. Among the best of the pieces included in this volume—which by the way is neither well printed nor tastefully bound—are, “So near and yet so far,” “Our Lady of the Lamp,” “A Sunset Symbol,” “Ascension Day,” and “St. Antony’s Client.” If we quote the latter, it may serve as a specimen of Miss Donnelly at her best, and at the same time exhibit her limitations.

## ST. ANTONY’S CLIENT.

How many times, O sweet St. Antony !  
 When precious little things were lost, mislaid,  
 How many trusting times, I’ve turned to thee,  
 And tenderly besought thy potent aid.  
 And never yet in vain—a glove—a ring—  
 A book—a *reliquaire*—a rosary—  
 Each trifling trinket—yea, each treasur’d thing,  
 Thy gracious care hath given back to me.  
 Thanks, gentle Saint. Ah ! yet, once more, extend  
 Thy loving aid ; for I have lost to-day  
 That treasure of all treasured things—a friend,  
 Whom some perverse misdoubt hath led astray.  
 Dearer than book, or ring, or perfum’d glove !  
 Rarer than rosary or *reliquaire*—  
 Of all earth’s missing things, shall missing love  
 Alone, alas ! be lost beyond repair ?  
 Must malice wound, or misconstruction sour  
 The sweetest of all spirits to the end ?  
 Ah ! no, St. Antony ! exert thy power,  
 And give, oh, give me back my dear lost friend !

*Literary Record.*

## I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE *Centenary Edition* of the Works of St. Alphonsus Liguori,<sup>1</sup> is now rapidly approaching completion. We have reached the twenty-first volume, and the last which will be exclusively devoted to the Letters. In the next we may expect the Index, which has been long in preparation, and which

<sup>1</sup> *Ascetical Works of St. Alphonsus.* Letters, vol. iv. New York : Benziger.

will extend over the entire work. Those who have taken this series from the beginning may be congratulated upon possessing a real storehouse of spiritual wisdom suited for all needs and embracing all states of life. Nowhere is St. Alphonsus seen to more advantage than in his letters, and even though some of those included in the present volume are largely filled with business details, we constantly stumble here and there upon gems of thought, the very occurrence of which in such surroundings is a sermon to our unspiritual age. We cordially wish Father Eugene Grimm and his assistants health and opportunity to bring their great and most useful task to a happy termination.

The historical novel has often been proclaimed defunct, and in especial the historical novel of the 'Forty-five. And for the most part the reader smitten with a taste for this description of literature is content to glut his sorrow for lost causes and past times on *Waverley* and other its companions. But there are yet some few readers who like their history served with the piquant sauce of fiction for disguise: and who find the little inaccuracies and license of Sir Walter a trifle strong for their imaginations. To such, *When Fortune Frowns*<sup>1</sup> may be cordially recommended. Not only for its story, which is a story worth the telling; nor for its pictures of Cornish life and of Highland adventure during more stirring times than those in which we chance to live, which are excellent; but also and especially for that Mrs. Jenner has utilized all the re-written history, brought to light within the last decade, that throws so very different a complexion on events misrepresented for religious and political purposes by Whig and Protestant writers, during upwards of a century. The intelligence with which this has been done, and the picturesqueness of her treatment form an additional reason for commending Mrs. Jenner's latest novel to that class of reader which stipulates for verity in historical fiction, and to that still larger class of persons which, tired of the "sex" story, seeks rest and relief in tales of adventure and of chivalrous deeds.

<sup>1</sup> *When Fortune Frowns. Being the Life and Adventures of Gilbert Coswarth, a Gentleman of Cornwall, How he fought for Prince Charles in the years 1745 and 1746 and what befell him thereafter.* By Katharine Lee (Mrs. Henry Jenner). London: Horace Cox.

## II.—MAGAZINES.

The CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (August 1, 1896.)

The Encyclical on Unity. Ethiopia in the time of the Portuguese. Rural Finance and F. W. Raiffeisen. Rita, a tale. Reviews. Bibliography. Chronicle.

—(August 15.)

A Talk upon the Pincian. Modern Liberty the Mother of Egotism. Various Masonic Rites on English Soil. The Pelasgic Hittites. Rita, a tale. Reviews. Natural Science. Chronicle.

The ÉTUDES RELIGIEUSES. (August 14, 1896.)

Fin de Siècle Notions—The Baptism of Revolution. *Father Martin, S.J.* European Policy in the Soudan. *Father Prélot, S.J.* A Women's Congress. *Father Cornut, S.J.* French Protestantism in Extremis. *Father Portalès, S.J.* The New Basilica of Fourvière. *Father Burnichon, S.J.* The Encyclical on Unity. Off the Banks of Newfoundland. *F.G.* A Pilgrim's Letter from Domrémy. *Father Chérot, S.J.* Biblical Archæology. *Father Durand, S.J.* Chronicle, &c.

REVUE BÉNÉDICTINE. (August.)

Notes of Early Ecclesiastical Literature. *Dom G. Morin.* The Benedictine Congregation of the Presentation. *Dom U. Berlière.* The Banishment of Ecclesiastics under the Directorate. *G.* La Cappella Antoniana. *Dom L. J.* Benedictine News. Obituary. Chronicle.

L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE. (August 15.)

The Number of the Martyrs. *F. Vernet.* A Study of the Spiritual Conferences of St. Francis of Sales. *Ch. Gounel.* Sincerity of Speech and M. Coppée. *Abbé Delfour.* Social Questions and the Programme of Secondary Schools. *C. Dementhon.* Victor Hugo. *Abbé Relau.* Recent Archæology and Hagiology. Philology. Reviews. Chronicle.

REVUE GÉNÉRALE. (August.)

Southern Germany. *G. Delaveux.* A Compulsory Marriage. A tale. *S. Masoch.* The Fioretti of St. Francis. *A. Goffin.* Anti-Semitism and the Municipal Elections in Vienna. *J. de la Vallée Poussin.* "Remorse." *L. de Croisilles.* The Clairvoyante of Paris. *P. Saey.* Reviews, &c.

